MEMORIES OF
A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER
BY AN
OLD SAINT PAUL'S BOY

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MEMORIES OF
A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER

Your faithful friend
Henry A. Cook

MEMORIES OF
A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER

(DR. HENRY A. COIT)

BY

JAMES P. CONOVER

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO THE ALUMNI OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

Owing to ill health the late rector, Dr. Joseph Coit, was unable to review the manuscript of these memories. As soon, however, as the proofs were all in they were sent to him to South Carolina.

A few days before his death the following letter was received :—

THE COURT INN,
CAMDEN, S. C., March 8, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. CONOVER, — I am truly obliged to you for sending me the proof sheets of your book. I have read them twice very carefully.

The picture you give of my dear brother is in many respects most true and excellent. I must tell you frankly that I am very glad that you have written the book and heartily approve its publication.

There are certain features of my brother's character which you have not brought out, because, perhaps, you never were in such relations with him as to be impressed by them, and the design of your book did not admit of your showing the extent of his equipment for his work, and the breadth of his character. He had many of the qualifications of a statesman as well as of a poet. But it is a very lovely and noble [and] beautiful picture of him that you present.

[Here follow some kindly criticisms and suggestions, as well as a correction in the order of events considered in the introductory chapter.]

I remain with much regard

Sincerely yours,

J. H. COIT.

PREFACE

THESE "Memories" have been printed with the desire of recalling an "old boy's" impressions of the personality of one around whom grew a great school, and whose honored name is among the cherished possessions of nearly three generations of St. Paul's men.

No memory of any characteristic word or act has been withheld, though the apparent inconsistencies of Dr. Coit's character were as marked and puzzling as those of other great men. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the subject of this memoir, owing to his comparatively secluded life, experienced little of the leveling process that naturally falls to the lot of most men. While he was always supreme in his little kingdom, bound by no conventionalities of "keeping school," with all his forces constantly arrayed to elevate the "prevailing tone" of schoolboy honor, there

were many pairs of sharp eyes to observe, and many irresponsible tongues ready to report abroad any peculiarities of method or principle. In this connection, it is worth recalling that St. Peter spoke of "our dear brother Paul" as writing "some things hard to be understood."

The memory of one man, therefore, is very inadequate to do justice to such a life; howbeit, in that memory stands out clear and distinct a personality so great and noble as to overshadow all seeming defects.

The author is indebted to the records of the Coit family for most of the facts in the introductory chapter. He desires also to thank Mr. Willard Scudder of St. Paul's School for much valuable aid in revision of manuscript and proof.

Dr. Coit never wrote for publication. At the earnest request of friends, however, he allowed to be printed a sermon, preached shortly after the death of his friend Dr. Shattuck, the founder of St. Paul's School. He also wrote an article on schools for "The Forum."

Both of these have been inserted in this book as fair examples of his sentiments and style of expression.

His correspondence was very large, but was confined to personal matters of no great concern except to those to whom he wrote. A few of these letters have been inserted in the last chapter, to show the deep and abiding interest which he took in those who had been in any way under his influence. It should be remembered that these letters were written very rapidly in time snatched from school cares.

In an appendix have been added several of the many tributes which were written at the time of Dr. Coit's death, with the hope of thus preserving them in some permanent form.

St. Paul's School, April 3, 1906.

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INTRODUCTION

The Coits are New Englanders. John Coite landed from Wales at Salem, Mass., in 1636. The ruins of Coite Castle, built about 1091, stand "on a playne ground a mile by Nortest from Penbout, a good market town standing on Ogor" in Glamorganshire, writes Leland in his itinerary; so that in all probability this shire is the ancient home of the Coits.

John Coite was a shipbuilder; and, after a few years at Salem and Gloucester, where he was made selectman, he received a grant of land at New London, Conn., in 1650; there he soon established a shipyard. After his death in 1659, his son Joseph, one of seven children, carried on the business till he died in 1704, bequeathing an ample estate to his widow, Martha Harris of Wethersfield, his sons John, Joseph, and Solomon, and the heirs of William deceased.

Joseph, the second son of the above and Martha his wife, born in New London, April 4, 1673, was graduated at Harvard College in

1697, and was admitted to a master's degree at the first commencement in Yale, 1702. He became a Congregational minister and preached in Norwich. Soon afterwards he went to Plainfield, where he remained until his death at the age of seventy-seven, July 1, 1750. Twenty years after his death, a Plainfield correspondent of Dr. Trumbull, the historian, described him as an ornament to his profession. He married Experience Wheeler of Stonington, September 18, 1705, by whom he had ten children.

From John, the elder brother of this Joseph, were numerous worthy descendants, of whom a grandson, Daniel Lathrop Coit, a friend of Lafayette and Franklin in Paris, and a brother-in-law of Joseph Howland of New York, built the old Coit mansion still standing in Norwichtown. His daughter Eliza married W. C. Gilman, and became the mother of President Gilman of Johns Hopkins.

But to return to the line of special interest; Samuel, second child and oldest son of Joseph and Experience, was born at Plainfield, Conn., in 1708; he married Sarah Spalding of Plainfield, March 30, 1730. "He settled in the North Society of Preston (now the town of

Griswold), and there spent a long and honored life, dying October 4, 1792. . . . In military life he rose to the rank of colonel, and, in 1758, had command of a regiment raised in the neighborhood of Norwich. He was also much employed in civil matters, representing Preston in the general assembly in 1761 and subsequent years, and sitting as judge on the bench of the county court and of a maritime court in the time of the Revolution. The posterity of Colonel Coit have been quite numerous, and, as they filled a large place in the town for one or two generations, they have been distinguished from their New London cousins as 'the Preston Coits.' They have now entirely withdrawn from Preston and Griswold, but the graves of the past generation are numerous in the cemetery east of Griswold Church."

William Coit, third child of Colonel Samuel and Sarah Coit, was the ancestor of the subject of this memoir. He was a shipmaster and merchant in Norwich. He died at the age of eighty-six, and is buried in the old burial-ground. His wife was Sarah Lathrop of Norwich.

Levi, their seventh child, was the grand-

father of Henry Augustus Coit. He was born in Norwich, April 24, 1770. He made his home in New York city, where he died at the age of eighty. For many years he was engaged in trade with the Indies in partnership with George N. Woolsey, under the firm name of Coit and Woolsey; but in the later years of his life he was a stockbroker in Wall Street. He married Lydia Howland, daughter of Joseph Howland, mentioned above.

Of the seven children of Levi, only three came to mature age, the eldest of whom, Henry Augustus, married Sarah Borland of Boston. He was associated in business with August Belmont. A younger brother, Joseph Howland, born November 3, 1802, was the father of our Dr. Coit. (A distant cousin, Thomas Winthrop Coit, a contemporary of the Doctor's father and a priest of the Church, was also well known as Dr. Coit. He was rector of St. Paul's, Troy, when I first heard of him, but I frequently noticed his name in "The Churchman" and used to wonder how there could be two Dr. Coits.)

But to return. The father of our Dr. Coit, after honorable graduation from Columbia College, went to the Princeton Theological

Seminary with a view to becoming a Presbyterian minister. But his studies led him to seek ordination in our own branch of the Church. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Griswold. The early years of his ministry were passed in Vermont, where he was ordained priest. He married Harriet Jane Hard of Arlington, Vt.

(The Hards were stanch Church of England people. Many of us remember Dr. Coit's mother, whom he closely resembled. She had a face of peculiar power and sweetness. On one occasion she was present in the old chapel when it was my lot to preach, and I shall not forget her interest and her kind comments, as well as the later words of the Doctor himself, "And she knows whereof she speaks." My last sight of her was at the window of her home in Norwich, trying not to show her anxiety, as she watched us off for a cruise to New York. It was a peaceful, quiet spot, this home in Norwichtown, with its old-fashioned flowers and walks and superb trees, provided by the care of the sons at St. Paul's School, and it was an ideal old age that ripened there under the loving watchfulness of her daughter.)

In 1828, Dr. Coit's father and mother

went to St. Andrew's, Wilmington, Del. The first church of the parish was built during his rectorship. After four years he left Delaware to take charge of the church in Plattsburgh, N. Y. There he remained, with only a few years' absence as rector of St. Stephen's, Harrisburg, Pa., until his death in 1866.

Henry Augustus Coit, born January 20, 1830, was the second of nine children, the first child dying in infancy.

Only one incident remains in my memory of the few references that I have heard to the home in Plattsburgh. Speaking of the reverent consuming of the "elements" after the Holy Communion, he mentioned his father's custom of leaving the altar to distribute the bread and the wine to those of the congregation near by while still upon their knees. He remembered that on one occasion his father stopped in passing his place and gave him some of the consecrated bread even though he had not yet been confirmed. In connection with his confirmation, he had a distinct experience of "conversion," having been greatly agitated about his spiritual state. (Though he had little faith in anything partaking of

the nature of sensationalism, his effort in preparing his boys for confirmation was to make them realize the importance of the step. He used to keep a book, in which after the six months' special preparation, boys desiring to be confirmed entered their own names.)

His own confirmation was by Bishop Onderdonk of New York.

When at school under Dr. Muhlenberg, at College Point, L. I., his life was without reproach; he was a boy far advanced in mind for his years, devotional and religious. One of his tutors there was the late Dr. Houghton of New York, with whom he used to recite daily some religious office. The late Dr. Mahan was also tutor at that time. Owing to his father's large family and small means he had much responsibility as the oldest, as well as the necessity for making his way at school by assisting in school duties. During these days he used to visit the family of his granduncle, Gardiner Howland, on Washington Square

At St. Paul's we were not allowed to forget those early days, for I have often heard the Doctor speak of his love for Dr. Muhlenberg, whose picture then hung and still hangs in our schoolroom.

He entered the University of Pennsylvania, in the time of Professor Reed, described as a delightful scholar; but his health was so delicate that he was obliged to spend a year in the South. He lived there as tutor in the family of Bishop Elliott of Georgia. Then he passed a year as tutor in the classics at St. James's College, Maryland, under Dr. Kerfoot. In those early days his brother, the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Coit, was associated with him on the teaching staff at St. James's, later to be for so many years his associate and support in the work at St. Paul's School, and to follow him in the rectorship. Among the boys at St. James's College at this time was the Rev. Hall Harrison, whom St. Paul's boys gratefully remember as a master for many years at the school. Another pupil of St. James's of a somewhat later generation was the Rev. Thomas J. Drumm, now for more than thirty years a master at St. Paul's.

At St. James's College the degrees of B. A. and M. A. were conferred upon Dr. Henry A. Coit for his scholarship in letters, although owing to delicate health he had never completed the traditional four years' residence of a college course. Thence he returned to Phil-

adelphia and lived in the family of the Rev. Richard Newton, while he was occupied in theological studies and acting as tutor to the sons of Bishop Alonzo Potter. (Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York has sometimes remarked that he was really "the oldest boy;" and now we have a pleasing connection with those early days, in that the name of Alonzo Potter, the son of the bishop, stands on our roll of honor, inscribed on the walls of the schoolroom among the Ferguson Scholars.)

The next work of Henry Coit was the mastership of the parish school for boys at Lancaster, Pa. Here he was ordained deacon, and became one of the assistants to Dr. Samuel Bowman. The Rev. John C. Eccleston was an associate with him here, and though but a short time together these two formed a lifelong friendship. (We all remember Dr. Eccleston's visits to the school and his interesting lectures on the Crusades and other historical subjects.) Here also Mr. Coit may have met Miss Mary Bowman Wheeler, whom he afterwards married. He was ordained priest in St. James's Church, Philadelphia, together with the Rev. John Huntington, sometime professor of Greek in Trinity College, and

later in life a neighbor in the country near Newport, R. I. From Lancaster Mr. Coit passed to northern New York, first as assistant to his father and then to missionary work at Malone, and Ellenburg where he built a church.

Not long ago I was called to minister to a dying woman at the hospital in Concord. I found her well instructed and a lover of the Church, to which she had given her allegiance under the leading of Mr. Coit in those early days at Ellenburg. From her and from our own bishop, who once made a visitation to those parts for the Bishop of Albany, I have learned of the great love and esteem held by those people for Mr. Coit.

Bishop Doane of Albany wrote, in the official paper of the diocese, at the time of Dr. Coit's death, "I am thankful to remember that the Diocese of Albany has at least one part in the story of this noble life. The earlier years of his ministry were given to hard and patient and faithful missionary service in the northern part of our diocese, where he founded at least three congregations; in every one of which his name and memory are embalmed, and from every one of which, little

and feeble as they still are, holy and blessed influences continue to go out, for the glory of God and the consolation of men. I find in my first address to the first convention of the diocese a note of visitations to the churches of Ellenburg and Centreville, 'built in the faith and fear of God, through the devoted exertions of the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit.' I cannot resist the temptation, since it was impossible for me to be present at the burial, to pay this simple tribute to a most beautiful and beloved memory."

But now the great work begins. At the age of twenty-six Mr. Coit was called to be the first rector of St. Paul's School.

On March 27, 1856, he was married, in the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, to Mary Bowman, third daughter of Mr. Charles Wheeler of the Philadelphia Bar. A week later, April 3, Mr. and Mrs. Coit established themselves about two miles from Concord, N. H., at a country seat which had been given by Dr. and Mrs. Shattuck of Boston for the site of St. Paul's School. Among the first boys came John Hargate, youthful in spirit and sympathy to the end. From the first devoted to the Doctor, he gave himself

unreservedly to the work of his great leader. His record of faithful and loyal service extends through *every year* of the life of St. Paul's. On one occasion when some older masters were slow in returning at the beginning of term the Doctor said to me, "Never mind! If I only have Mr. Hargate, I have no fear; we shall make it go."

Through all these thirty-nine years Dr. Coit was a great schoolmaster, though not for want of other opportunities; for, in addition to the posts of president of Hobart and of Trinity College, he was called to the rectorships of many large and important parishes, while his name was prominent in connection with several bishoprics. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from both Trinity and Columbia and LL. D. from Yale. But he was so convinced of the importance to church and country of training the Christian gentleman that he turned a deaf ear to other calls, though, as he once said, "It is harder to stay than to go."

The wisdom of his choice is proven, not only in what he has accomplished, but in the inspiration which St. Paul's School has given to Christian education all over the land. In speak-

ing one day of the number of good schools becoming prominent and drawing boys from St. Paul's, he said, "I sometimes hear people speak as if these schools were our rivals. I can but feel joy and a right pride that others are following our example, and that the church at large is stirred to the great cause of education."

MEMORIES OF
A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER

"Ea discamus in terris quorum scientia
perseveret in coelis"

MEMORIES OF A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER

CHAPTER I

FIRST MEMORIES

It was during the soft twilight of a summer day, about the year 1866, that I first heard the name of Dr. Coit. I was arrested in my play by notes of peculiar interest in a man's voice, and listening to my elders heard some wonderful tales of school life. The tradition in my family was that boarding schools were meant only for boys whose parents did not care for them, and that the life was one of hardship and persecution. But this man, if I understood him aright, was talking about his school days as if he had enjoyed them, and there was a certain awe and hush in his voice when he spoke of the Doctor. No actual words of his remain with me, but after nearly forty years the impression gathered through the stillness of the night from the manner of

this "old boy," and the interest of my mother, has never faded — the impression of reverential love to a schoolmaster. So it was that "Tom Brown at Rugby," coming to me in due course, had other foundation to work on than the tradition of the American boarding school, and at odd times my imagination was soon busy with our "Rugby," and our "Doctor." Some strokes of reality were drawn into my picture now and again by the talk and bearing of college men frequenting our house. They were fine fellows, these early St. Paul's men, the very cream of the land, and I hung upon their words about "school" and "the Doctor." A conversation between my mother and a freshman occurred at this time, of which two remarks have stuck in my memory, probably from their constant repetition in our family: "I never saw the Doctor lose his temper; he never scolds," and "He writes to all the old fellows."

But I was soon to see him for myself, for it was in the fall of 1870 that, after a walking trip with my father in the White Mountains, I found myself one afternoon in a small room, waiting with beating heart for the entrance of Dr. Coit. The powerful figure and deep

voice of the master of all those big men had many times before been uppermost in my dreams, and now I sat perfectly still lest something should mar the effect of their fulfillment. But suddenly he was in the room. Without any show of haste he had already shaken hands and spoken some gracious words to my father, and he was now holding my hand and fixing my gaze with a moment's flash of his great eyes. It was all so sudden and so quiet that I could not realize that this was the great man. Did I speak of his shaking hands? He never *shook* hands; indeed, I cannot conceive of his shaking anything. He simply took one's hand and held it, and enveloped it with a sort of a tremor of his long fingers that seemed to be as the servants of his eyes to reach to a man's soul. At once I was fascinated, and in spite of my surprise listened with all my ears to a few words about mutual friends, Dr. Muhlenberg, and others, till the conversation drifted to boys and schools. I remember distinctly but four remarks. My father said, "Do you not think the theatre a proper means of education for a boy?"

"Yes, if the play is proper; but so few are. None in this town are helpful, and I never let

the boys go." (Later we shall return to Dr. Coit's love of the fine drama, and his efforts to have it duly appreciated.)

"At what age," was asked, "do you think a boy ought to go away to school?"

"Oh, do not let him leave his mother till he is thirteen."

On rising to take leave, my father, who was a trustee of the elder Bishop Doane's school in Burlington, N. J., said: "We want to call your brother to take charge of Burlington College."

"You must not do that; I want him here with me. I have been planning it for so long, and I cannot spare him."

For two years I carried the image of those eyes looking into my soul, the feeling of a delicate, nervous hand enveloping mine, and the sound of a quiet voice with a timbre all its own, before I too called him "the Doctor." That name! how much it meant to us! One of my first achievements in vacation was to write, direct, and seal a letter to "Doctor Coit," without any supervision of spelling or diction. My mother saw the envelope and wisely let it go, but afterwards reproved me for my want of respect. But even mothers do not know everything.

Again we were in his presence, fathers and mothers and boys. There was the same calm dignity as before, but now a note of force mingled with a sympathy that was simply surpassing in its winning power. What mother can forget that marvelous insight into her own hopes and fears! Here was a bridge on which her boy might safely walk into the unknown land. She seemed to be the one of all that crowd to whom he was giving special heed, and surely her boy would be the first in his affection; and she was not disappointed as the beautiful little notes came to her through the year, and the few words in his own hand at the end of the monthly report. But are there not other memories of mothers? Oh, yes; a few. Some fashionable women have turned away from that study door with such feelings of wounded pride and disappointment as perhaps they have never known before. They have come to patronize, and they have been stung; they have come to lay down the law, and that gentle voice has turned the subject in a way that has made them feel unaccountably small. I remember once his reading aloud at masters' meeting a letter from some vulgar woman laying down the law, and signing her-

self "Your Patron." There was no comment, but such a gleeful laugh at the end! When pressed by a parent for some stretching of a rule, he would say in a pleasant way, "But that is one of the laws of the Medes and Persians which altereth not."

Men accustomed to carry their points would confidently assail the Doctor; but at times he would prove peculiarly obtuse to reason, and we can all recall the baffled look that had settled on a man's face by the time he had decided to make a retreat. But the boy, bully or puny, clever or dull, rich or poor, had at once a place in the Doctor's heart.

On that first night, some hearts were very sore; and when a young master touched me on the shoulder and said, "You are to go to the Lower School," I felt that I could not bear it. There, till bedtime, the little nagging boys nearly drove me crazy; though much to my surprise, when we went to the dormitory there was not a sound. Each fellow was undisturbed in his own little alcove, — an experience which never varied in my three years of dormitory life. Yet in the morning my spirits did not rise, especially when I tried to wash in a tin basin knocking about in a sort of trough,

and elbowed by a lot of squealing youngsters. So after breakfast I took my bag and went to the Middle School where the Doctor lived, and I said, "Please let me stay in the house with you?"

"Well, my dear, we shall arrange it somehow; you go now and get your books and after chapel start your morning's work in the school-room."

The boy felt all right under the same roof with the Doctor. If he had seemed like a woman in his gentleness and sympathy, he certainly was the *man* that this boy was henceforth proud to own as master.

CHAPTER II

THE SCHOOL-ROOM

It is the "first morning;" we have come out of "Chapel" and are assembling in the school-room. The "Sixth" have hardly taken their places when the Doctor appears in the door, a few moments ago the surpliced priest pouring out his soul in prayer, now the erect leader breathing power.

At sight of his form there is immediate silence. Without haste, but without loss of an instant, with head erect and slightly thrown back and inclined to one side after a fashion of his own, he proceeds to the master's desk. His walk was unique: it was not the walk of the athlete nor of the scholar; it was not the walk of any type of man. Whether on the playground or in the school-room or in the chapel, it was the same swift, dignified, gliding motion, giving one the impression not so much of strength as of perfect poise of mind and body.

With eyes straight before him, apparently

fixed on the ground a few yards ahead, he is at once the centre of attention.

There are no preliminaries. Quick as thought he is facing the room and reading out the names of the boys in their respective forms. Without more ado classes are dismissed, work is assigned, and we have settled for the year. "Bricks without straw" was this call to work with no books, perplexing and disheartening; but were there not fifteen minutes between breakfast and chapel in which one hundred and fifty or more might provide themselves from "the *Stationery?*" Surely there was Mr. J—— to dole out articles innumerable to a scrambling, pushing, joking line. It had always been done in that way. The very apparent impossibility was the first lesson to the new boy in that inflexible standard of work set by the Doctor. He soon had out his own books, at which he worked as if there was not a boy in sight. So I thought; but I quickly learned that his field of vision was very broad meanwhile. When my attention wandered from the Latin grammar before me and my pencil point began to trace the lines of the latest yacht, at once his eyes were on me with a warning look as if they grudged a moment

from their own page. But presently he was up, and standing by me cleared the clouds of trouble that befogged the text, and again was at his books.

To-day I see clearly the first page of that old Morris Grammar — *Aula est ampla*, was not that the first sentence? — and even now the memory is one of painful impossibility. But we lived through it; and on that first day we had our first lesson from that great workman in what he would have us learn, *Labor omnia vincit.*

The Doctor was much in the school-room in those early days, and no matter what the confusion, the instant he appeared at the door there was a hush; and his forceful ringing of the bell to call in from the playground was inimitable. "It is the Doctor!" Do you not recall the spell upon you as you felt his eye the instant you entered the door? Gladly would you and I go back and live those early days, for an hour just to know the thrill that came from the tap of the bell, and to sit again as boys in that room with him. The Doctor was *so much present;* every boy got a share of him.

At the end of morning study (in later years

directly after chapel) the Doctor would read what were called "reports;" that is reports of masters to himself for "lateness" or infringement of rule or neglect of work on the part of boys. They were read in a rapid and distinct voice, and every boy reported was obliged to remain in his seat till the Doctor called him up. Those were trying moments for some. A few words were said to each and a punishment assigned or the report erased; but there was nearly always a note of humor that drove home as well as lightened the sting of the punishment. Sometimes, however, a hard nature would be stabbed right deeply in a way that brought dislike as well as fear. No boy determined to justify himself, especially at the expense of truth or good manners, could lightly withstand those heart-searching looks or fail to resent those shafts of humor.

As Dr. Coit grew older he rarely made use of this soul-lashing process. As he withdrew more to his study he became more universally merciful and loving in his manner; he often answered, when asked by a master what to do in a certain case, "Win the boy." He bemoaned the tendency to cutting words when tired and sore beset, and he would sometimes

confess with great meekness, "I have been *saying things* again."

Mercy to the weak was another trait strongly marked in his discipline. He could not bear to see a boy down. "My dear, we shall erase all these reports. You go off this afternoon and have a good game, and then you will feel better and more like turning over a new leaf tomorrow." He was never weary of suggesting a fresh start and sending a boy on his way with a pressure of the hand or a succession of light taps on the shoulder and a quick glance of loving encouragement. I have sometimes looked in amazement at what seemed his weakness in being taken in by tears; but what schoolmaster of our land has such a heritage as he in the hearts of men who owe their fresh starts to his unfailing love and confidence? Truly, and with reverence may it be said of him also, "He came not to call the righteous but the sinners." And yet he sometimes said of a boy, "I am not the one to reach him; I have not the heart to deal sternly with him, and that is what he needs." Just he was, and very discerning, but *mercy* often carried the day in dealing with the individual. He had little faith in punishment as such, or in regulation punish-

ments for regulation offenses. He used to say, "A man's power to rule boys is shown in his handling them with little or no punishment." "Just check them;" "Prevention is better than cure," were maxims often heard by the masters. And for the sake of the man as well as of the boy, while he allowed a master to assign the lines to a punishment, he held the right to pass upon them, and he encouraged the men to leave all that sort of thing entirely in his hands.

And yet his standard of manners for the school-room was impossibly high: to whisper to one's neighbor or to pass a note in study hour was a grave offense, not only subject to punishment but marked with loss of standing in decorum; whatever could be fairly construed as disobedience or trickery, though he seldom used those words, was considered more than a misdemeanor. This high and uncompromising standard sometimes created friction and discouragement; but when, as a man, I suggested that such conduct as he held up was impossible and turned the boys away, he said: "Do you think so? I like to hold the standard high to attract the nobler natures and expose the cloven hoof where it lurks.

May I not do that, and still hope to win the low or weak by reaching down to him in private?" Indeed, that was one of the secrets of his success, and, where he seemed to fail, of his failure; and he was content to have it so, for he said: "A school cannot do everything, but surely its main object is to hold high before the boy the standard of righteousness; and though he fall, its beauty and its power will bring him back." Is it a wonder that we all feared him? Is it a wonder that most of us loved him? Is it a wonder that some of us would have died for him?

So it was that, if there had been any underhand disorder or mischief, Dr. Coit would come into the school-room and say, "Some of you take advantage of the trust we give you." And then, after a few words which drew the offense in a new light, "What boy threw that snow-ball?" or "What boys took any of Farmer Hall's apples?" One by one the culprits would rise in their places. The subject would then be dismissed with the remark: "Now you have done the honorable thing and wiped out the offense;" or if it was a repetition, "You must write two sheets this afternoon." He rejected with scorn, at

least as applied to the life of a family, the theory that "no man should inculpate himself." He declared that every boy ought to be willing to right himself not only by confession but by taking his punishment in manly fashion. Few boys could accede to this, but the majority, in spite of complaint, felt in their hearts that they were toned up by such extraordinary discipline. They recognized the straightforward dealing and boldness of such a move, and failed not to appreciate that the Doctor never condescended to underhand methods. Only two boys of my experience had the temerity to refuse such a trial; they simply avoided the occasion by remaining outside when they knew that the call was to be made.

Dr. Coit was fully aware of the danger of any method becoming so common as to create ways of escape, so he constantly varied his handling of disorder. His usual method was quiet dealing with the ringleaders whom he would select by an almost supernatural instinct; but he was not afraid to face the mob, and that every boy knew. "This disorder is not to happen again," would be said with such finality as nearly always to insure the desired

effect. In this connection I remember his using a word which seemed for him a slip: "I have said that this disorder was not to happen again; I am afraid that some of you have misunderstood me. Now I pray all the better ones among you, when certain boys have decided to make *asses* of themselves" (said with a fine scorn) "simply to leave them alone." And that was final for that year.

I remember visiting the school while a college undergraduate, partly to look up a young cousin during his first year. I noticed that the boy seemed a little worried, though he declared himself as perfectly happy. On the third day, however, there was a complete change in his face as he came out of morning school. I asked what had happened to make him feel so lively. He said that a lot of fellows had been in swimming on the sly, and that the Doctor had asked them to come to his study to report. They had all gone to a man, about twenty of them. This confession had cleared the clouds, and he was again the open-faced happy boy.

The Doctor's directness and kingly bearing among us could not alone have commanded such results. Underneath it all was the ever-

watchful eye and untiring private and personal influence. "Eternal vigilance is the price of order," was a remark often heard by his masters.

I have said that he walked with his eyes straight to the front, but his field of vision seemed to us almost supernatural. If occasion called, his knowledge of boys and his marvelous intuition taught him just where and just when to look, and even to see without looking. One winter afternoon the lights went out in the big study of one hundred and ninety-five boys, when the janitor was about half through lighting. This was cause enough for merriment, but when the old Irishman stopped in the middle of the aisle and began to apostrophize the gas there was more fun. At the master's suggestion he shut off the main valve, as we could smell the gas returning. Then some one called, "Try it again, Barney." So Barney went from one burner to the other, forgetting that he had turned off the supply; — laughter now. Then with show of anger, having once more opened the valve, he went successfully down one row; but suddenly out it all went again amid roars of approval. Just then the bell rang for recess, and every boy was on his feet in for a "good

time." As it was almost dark, the boys did not see the Doctor coming in; but as he stepped on the platform there was a hush, and while all eyes were on him he spoke quietly to one or two boys near him, sending them in search of others, whom he straightway sent on different errands about the house. Before the spell could be broken, and while the most turbulent spirits were scattered by his stratagem, he turned to the master in charge and said, "Please ring the bell and dismiss the classes." While this was going on Barney reappeared and began distributing and lighting candles. Thus what might have become a serious disorder melted away before the quiet and ready tact of the master.

"The Big Study," as it was called, what a grip it had upon the life of the boy! None knew better than Dr. Coit the influence exercised on the individual by association in a large company. As such a room of about two hundred boys studying together, under the supervision of one man, might easily work to the destruction of a weak schoolmaster, so under his strong hand it became a tremendous lever for good. This room was characteristic of his system as well as an index of his power.

Let us not forget that here and there all about that room were friends bound to him by "hoops of steel," some that would have died for him, and among these were the leaders of the school. Not only did this man have the faculty of winning to himself the natural leaders of the school, but he had a way of choosing out and marking scholars and boys of intellectual force that made them leaders. The leaders of misrule had a hard time to get even temporary and small followings.

What "old boy" can ever forget that long-coated figure sitting erect amid the school mail dumped upon the dais! Secret correspondence has a poor show in the face of such publicity. With eagle eye he has pounced upon some forbidden matter and he is lovingly chaffing the boy; or he is taking in the news from a paper in his hand and flanking some tale of woe with a humorous summary of the events of the day.

But to see the schoolmaster on his throne was to see him on "the last night." Almost reluctantly do I attempt to give a picture of what so many carry in their hearts, each with his own cherished coloring. But so it must be with any attempt to leave on paper

a likeness of this man, so high and forceful in his intellect and so broad in his sympathies. Artists never could paint him; and no photograph ever satisfied. This, therefore, is only the memory of one small boy, though strengthened through years of many "last nights."

In the first place, the setting is complete; no occasion of a boy's school life probably finds him more ready for impressions than he is on "the last night." He is keyed for every note, and the Doctor plays them with a master hand. The last examination is over, trunks are packed and gone, and under the wide-spreading trees in the twilight we have sung "Dulce Domum" for home, and "Salve Mater" for school. Led by the great man of the "Sixth," every fellow has lustily responded to "Three cheers for the Doctor;" "Three more for the School;" and "Three for Dr. Shattuck;" and we are now all sitting expectant in the school-room. Absolute silence falls as the "Sixth" begin to file in, followed by the masters, the bishop in his robes and the Doctor in academic gown. I have never seen surpassed the simple dignity of this function. The Doctor's manner was that of royalty, and yet he himself was so perfectly in

accord with the room and the company that he never failed to draw men and boys to a measure of his own greatness. Sitting at one end of the platform near a table covered with books and testimonials, with the bishop at the other end, the Greek testaments and diplomas for the Sixth Form at his hand, and some of the older masters between, the Doctor would begin the evening by calling on the speakers chosen to compete for the prize. After this declamation was over the committee retired for consultation, giving us all ample time to discuss our favorites. Breathless silence greeted the chairman, as on the return of the judges he stepped to the platform to proclaim the winner and award the prize. This was his chance to say a few words about public speaking that would stick, and the Doctor took care that no unworthy or even ordinary man had such a chance. In this way prizes were awarded for collections of wild flowers and minerals, for the best examination on a play of Shakespeare or another great English masterpiece, and a prize for the best essay, generally on some character in history. Men of note were always at hand on these occasions, and their speeches made at that time were no un-

important part of our life. Most distinctly do I recall the impression made by a speech of President Eliot, and by those of Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, one of our trustees, which were models. As if it were yesterday I now see the dignified pose and hear the measured tones of Richard Henry Dana, the keen wit and forceful sentences of William M. Evarts, and, perhaps, more vividly than any, the fire and fun with which the famous Dr. Hudson, Shakespearean and divine, would sweep us along in the torrent of his periods.

When the applause for the winners of prizes had subsided, the Doctor would perhaps say, "We have come to the close of another year; we have been mercifully preserved from calamity;" or, if there had been death in the school, "It has been a year of trial and great sorrow. One has gone from our midst, but he has left us the memory of a pure and happy life. May such ever be the heritage of a place like this! On the whole the work has gone on satisfactorily in spite of the many drawbacks, though I should so rejoice to see a greater number competing for these honors and giving their minds to the more important things of our life here.

"I have to thank many of you for your loyal and unfailing support in all that goes to make this place what it ought to be. Especially do I mention at this time my great appreciation of the efficient work and unselfish character of Mr. ——, who is with us to-night in his capacity as master for the last time. For ten years he has been our fellow laborer here, and he now goes to a kindred work in another part of the land. We shall not forget him; our good wishes follow him always.

"I might mention by name many of the older boys who have been my strong supporters, but their hearts will tell them better than my words how much I have depended on their loyalty and how I shall miss them in the coming year.

"Now you are all going for a period of rest; some will be traveling; and some will be running loose, I fear, in various summer resorts. I pray that every St. Paul's boy will remember that he is a gentleman; that he will not forget what we have tried to set before you here; that he will spend his holidays in healthy outdoor sport and helpful reading, in some recreation of mind and body that will fit him for the renewal of work in September. This

school does not stand for such stuff as is found in ——'s books; this school does not stand for the hotel manners popular at the seaside; this school does not stand for turning night into day, nor for morning hours lolling in bed, nor for the desecration of the Lord's Day now becoming so common.

"The older ones among you will find opportunity for some serious reading; to that end I now announce that the subject for the prize essay of next year will be 'The Life and Character of Oliver Cromwell,' and that the subject for the Whipple gold medal will be 'The Merchant of Venice.'

"I shall be so happy to hear from any of you during the holidays. Letters addressed to the school will always reach me in due course. Do make the best of your opportunities and you are sure to have a happy time. My heart goes with you as this great company scatters to-morrow to the four winds."

Then with a change of position and a gathering of his gown, "I proceed now to the awarding of school honors." This kind of thing was always a great pleasure to the Doctor, and though he was extremely particular about all formalities on these occasions, his

face beamed with joy; and to each boy as he came up there was a special word of appreciation. Did you ever stand in that little group of "first testimonial" boys, waiting for his eye to light on you? If you did not, then you have missed something that might have been a little torch of love to shine down through your path with an ever-brightening glow of reality.

After the awarding of class testimonials he would announce the name of the boy who had attained the highest standing in studies for the year. Then again gathering his gown about him he would say, "And now we have come to the highest honor of the school, the Medal. This, please remember, goes to the boy who has excelled all others in the performance of school duties. There are many who in different ways have been worthy of special honor, but there is one whose name stands out above all for the faithful discharge of all that goes to make up our life here, the name of a leader in scholarship and of one not behind on the playground or wherever our best interests are at stake, a name which in years gone by has been honored in this place, and not in this place alone, for it is a

name well known throughout the length and breadth of this land for noble aims and high attainments. I am sure that you will all agree when I mention the name of ——." Great applause! for we all did agree, at least for the time, as no boy could resist the art by which the Doctor led us to his own conclusion.

As the excitement subsided, and while all eyes are fastened on the happy boy whose hand is grasped by those near him, the Doctor says "The session of 18— is now closed. You will all presently assemble in the chapel for our last service."

At this stage of the proceedings in early days we were refreshed by ice-cream and the first strawberries of the season. Ah! but they did taste good! After the present schoolhouse was built and the Doctor's family went to live in the rectory, we used to return from chapel to the school-room to say good-by to the Doctor and Mrs. Coit and to the masters. "I was so much gratified last year when I went away to have the conductor tell me that it was a pleasure to carry such a fine lot of young gentlemen. I am sure that I can depend on you to keep up our good name." Or,

if there had been complaint of horse-play, it would be plainly mentioned with some straight talk as to its true nature, and the remark that "No boy who disgraces us at such a time will be allowed to return." Then in spite of the fatigues of the day and evening, the Doctor would turn with radiant look to shake hands. We all flocked up, each for his turn, eager for the last word and look which came as a special benediction.

That was the last of the school-room for some of us; but its life has passed on, by many a stream throughout this broad land, his strong, gracious, loving presence being always its centre and spring.

A letter to a father, after the graduation of his youngest son; an example of the Doctor's short notes to parents.

My dear Mr. ——, — Tom has ended a good life here, sans reproche, if not a very hard-working one.

In writing you once more I must thank Mrs. —— and yourself for your kind interest and support in what we have attempted for

all three of your sons. They all have my most loving and lasting regard, and I think one may look forward to the honorable useful Christian manhood of every one of them.

Pray make my affectionate regards to them all, and believe me with much respect,

Truly yours,

HENRY A. COIT.

S. P. S. JULY 6, 1882.

CHAPTER III

IN THE CLASS-ROOM

It is a remarkable fact that the average boy really enjoyed Virgil and Horace, really enjoyed Xenophon and Homer and all the others, in the class-room of Dr. Coit. Among the indelible impressions of a boy's early life, that he recalls with actual joy, are certain occasions when flashes of the author struck into his soul with something of their native light, the difficulty of the obscure text absolutely vanishing in the lucid translation of the master; the difficulty not only vanishing, but the reality and life of it put within his grasp. Even the dullest could not help catching some enthusiasm from such inspiration. So keen was our master's historical perception that for the time he seemed to be living with the author. A man once said to me that after talking to Dr. Coit he felt as if he had come from about a thousand years ago. Indeed this was always one of the manifestations of his nature; his sense of purity and righteousness

was so strong that he naturally turned to the storehouses of the best that the world had lived; there he was not so constantly offended as by the evils of the life that surrounded him in the present.

But now, as I look back upon those hours, the greatness of the man shines out especially in this, that with all his scholarship and learning and native quickness he was never impatient with dullness; it seemed to be his joy to light even a little spark in the most stupid. And it is fair to say that no boy in his class escaped; many stupid and so-called impossible boys came under his teaching, but I never knew of one neglected, I never knew of one who did not receive some spark of life from this master, or of one who left him without feeling respect and desire for scholarship, and with some increase in his own learning. It was my lot while in the Doctor's Latin class for one year to have a desk in the school-room near two of the most sluggish intellects of the form. We were reading Cicero, and it was pathetic to see the efforts of these two to grasp the meaning of the orations. They would pore over the text, each in his own way; the one with dictionary ever looking out and re-

looking out the meanings of words and writing endless translations, the other reading the Latin to himself again and again and so gathering a supposed meaning which he gave with wonderful fluency and assurance. Both were equally erratic in their results, but both were getting something from their master and both were *working;* and, though boys that would have been neglected or have slipped out under most systems to become leaders of loafing and disorder, here they became the Doctor's loyal lieutenants.

A young master said of a boy's Greek: "I can get nothing out of him. What shall I do?"

"Just love him," said the Doctor, with a hopeful smile.

And this was the first secret of his success in the class-room, as everywhere else in the school; he had much love to give, and he gave it to those most in need. This was first, and this gave him *entrance* into a boy's heart and mind. Next was the example of his own scholarship enforced by a gentle inflexibility in demanding the best that every boy could give, both in detail and in spirit. "Is that your best?" was a frequent question. And

lastly, that which gathered up all this and made it effectual was his quick and comprehensive eye, and lively, winning manner, that kept all his class awake and attentive. A question was sure to fall upon the indolent or careless attitude. The Doctor was peculiarly oblivious to all accessories of a class-room. He would sometimes use a blackboard or a map, but he naturally preferred to have small maps for each to handle. He gave no attention to improved chairs or facilities for writing in class. He wrote rapidly and clearly in any position, and expected us to be able to do the same. It was said of him that if a class-room door had been locked, he would have conducted the recitation in the hall. He had little patience with the effort to strike the exact number of minutes during which the normal boy could be quiet and attentive. One hour was the natural division of time, and he never had any difficulty in filling it all with work. This disregard of class furniture no doubt brought out more strongly his own personality. We never seemed to miss what others thought necessary, and there was certainly better attention and more accomplished in the Doctor's class than in any other of my experience.

Let us go back to some of those hours. Would that more of the detail could be recalled! But in this, as in all that the Doctor did, the detail seems to have vanished in the artistic perfection of the whole image.

One of my early recollections is that of sitting in a second form seat in the schoolroom while the Doctor was conducting one of the higher classes in Greek. He entered the room carrying his books in a way that no other man ever carried a school book; never under his arm, but in his hands, held as if of value. After dismissing the classes reciting at that hour, he would lovingly finger his Homer while the fifth form were taking their seats on benches in front of his desk. These being boys from the upper school, and not in his house, he gave each a look of "Good-morning" as he passed; but hardly was there time for finding places before the class seemed to be in full swing. As I sat some yards away, and tried to give my attention to my own book, I constantly found myself looking for the Doctor's smile as his face lit up with the interest of his work. There was not the faintest approach to the regulation manner, either in master or boy. It seemed an hour

for friendly intercourse, and the poem and the grammar were handled as if they were the bonds of a common sympathy. "You have mastered that very well; how beautiful!" or, "My dear, that is a poor showing; I am afraid that Homer would not recognize his own thoughts. Are you not well to-day?" or, "Sam, that is not like you; I am afraid that you have neglected this. Is not that so?"

The lesson was beyond the small boy, but there settled in his mind during those hours a longing for such high intercourse and a determination that he would get there himself some day if it could be done by work. (If all teachers were Dr. Coits, the old system of recitations in the school-room must have had much in its favor.)

The anticipation was fully realized, though not the labor. "The Doctor" had our fifth form in Latin, and then work began such as we had not known before. It was a large class of over thirty. We used to meet in the library during one of the morning hours. I can see the Doctor now, as the first boys came up the stairs and passed his study door, taking up his little pile of books, and with his light step and erect carriage among the first

to enter the library. It may be remarked here that Dr. Coit was *never late*, and in his prime was never early. He went from one duty to another without loss of an instant. Almost before we had all taken seats, somebody was on his feet to read the review, or the prose composition had begun. I remember one very warm day — it was the day after the anniversary, and our minds were still on the sports of the day before — there was not the usual promptness; we were rather slow in entering the room, and the Doctor sat there looking round with a smile of compassionate amusement. Turning at length to the field marshal of the day before, he said, "Jack, you may open the first heat." The large heavy eyes of Jack looked reproach, but he rose and stammered through a bit of the review with kindly help. This exception to rule, as well as the humor, was duly appreciated by all the class, for the unvarying custom was to have the review read very rapidly by one or two boys, put into as fair English as one could command. It was astonishing how much ground was covered in these classes, and how interesting Cicero became. The text was made an occasion for much Roman history and for

throwing light upon the every-day life of the Roman citizen. It is still a pleasure to recall the light turns of fancy which were brought out in his lively translations of the Georgics. Our reading, as far as we knew, had no connection with college examinations; they were never mentioned. In the higher classes we read twice the amount required for admission to college, and went into parts of authors that were never called for, as well as parts that were then read in the freshman and sophomore years.

In our sixth form we were so fortunate as to have Dr. Coit in Greek all the year, and in Latin also for the last half. It came about in this way: a new master, fresh from England, was given the class in Horace. The teaching was very uninspiring and inadequate. We, however, passed a very creditable examination at the mid-year orals before the Doctor himself. When he rallied me afterwards on the better showing in the Latin than in his Greek, I said: "But those odes which we had on the examination were assigned for the occasion, and most of the fellows made on them a special preparation." The Doctor professed his unwillingness to believe such a statement, but in a few days this Englishman was sud-

denly called elsewhere, and we fell to the Doctor's care.

In our late day few were lucky enough to have the Doctor both in Latin and in Greek. It was from him that I learned that Horace and Homer were really poets. He certainly was at home with these two. He knew many of the odes by heart; and he put some of his own high interpretation upon the old cynic.

The circumstances will perhaps allow a personal application. Let us go back, we six, to his own study where we sat with him in the winter of '76 and '77. I believe that we had him at his very best. He was full ripe and he had all the school in easy hand, so that the fruits of his scholarship hung ready to pick. Will you ever forget the impression of finish in all that he did or said? The long black coat and vest that buttoned to his throat with never a spot? How easily his clothes sat upon him! The collar always fresh, buttoned in front with a sort of flap! The immaculate cuffs with plain black buttons! The shoes! I am sure that no boy ever failed to notice the perfect fit and neatness of his shoes. His feet, like his hands, were strikingly characteristic, long and slim and flexible; and encased in

finely made, square-toed shoes, they somehow stood for much in the expression of the Doctor's manhood. Yet withal, one could never think of him as caring for his dress. I remember the fun which he had over a chapter in "Society as I have found It," on "How a Gentleman should Dress." After reading several paragraphs in a gale of laughter, he put down the book with the remark, "He leaves out all mention of clean hands and feet; there is a good deal of the whited sepulchre about the whole thing." I well remember a little talk that he gave the school on some principles of dress and on the proper way to walk in a room and on the stairs. When he put his own foot down, either actually or metaphorically, there was no sliding or shuffling; it stayed exactly where it was put, and yet went so lightly as would seem hardly to crush a fly. Do you not remember, you other four? We were coming into the Homer class, and one of the fellows was tardy; we heard him shuffling up the stairs, and the Doctor turned to me and said: "There comes that cousin of yours, for all the world like one of our 'trailing-footed oxen'" (Homeric description). "Please tell him what I said," with a

merry look. Such little cuts made with a kindly sparkle often put a laggard to shame. This boy will remember how he plumed himself on the easy-going manner of his life as well as on some other characteristics, just as every man of us did. His very small and rather illegible penmanship was a matter of pride; but the pride as well as the penmanship was in a degree mended by a very simple remark. One day, as the Doctor handed back his exercise with a hopeless sigh he said, "My dear, do you write with a pin?" I recollect that my classmate was inclined to resent the liberty, but I believe that his wrath was stayed by the quizzical look in the Doctor's eye.

Who spurred "Lazy Bill" to become one of the scholars and literary lights of the school? Was he not then an editor of the "Horae"? Nor was this last year merely a flicker of the flame: four years of steady work at college brought, beside other honors, the coveted of all, the valedictory of his class. Tell me, now, when at Newport you fought for first place in the "all comers" and put up such a plucky game against the champion, and when you maintained a high place in your profession, who gave you the awakening?

One and all, we answer, "In that study, as never before, I learned my weakness, and began to think and hope as a man."

Horace became poetry even to the boy, in the vivid pictures of Roman society. We learned to recall the Latin and commit it to memory through the medium of the English sense. The Doctor had much of that old-fashioned idea of familiarizing the mind and tongue with the *sound* of the correct and chaste Latin. He often read aloud to himself in the original. He knew the famous odes of Horace by heart, as well as the sixth book of Virgil's Æneid. His real love for the Latin tongue made him very familiar with the Latin Fathers, especially with St. Agustine, whose sayings he constantly quoted. Latin prayers and hymns were his daily delight.

Greek also had its peculiar charm for him, especially as it was the language of the New Testament. Gospel quotations in the original came to him easily: the Epistle to the Ephesians he had committed to memory. These facts would crop out in the Greek class, and in Sacred History. Besides Homer, our form read "The Clouds" of Aristophanes and others of the Greek comedies in connection

with the "Memorabilia." I have seen the class rippling with mirth at the Doctor's lively rendering of the Greek comedy, while no boy could ever forget the noble lessons that were brought home to us through the life of Socrates. "Next to St. Paul, Socrates was, perhaps, the greatest of men." This remark not only shows his interest in these things, but goes a long way toward making clear the character of our great schoolmaster.

Such a living grasp of antiquity! Such a power to cull the very best! Such a felicity in imparting the life of it to the present boy! And such a living example of his own method, not only in the class-room but in every hour of his life, this generation will hardly see again.

Dr. Coit had little faith in *new* men or in *new* methods; he was eminently conservative. This was especially demonstrated in his handling of the Scriptures. His Bible classes came every Monday morning, and consisted of all members of fifth and sixth forms. In alternate years the New and Old Testaments were the subjects. In spite of a dry, and I may say at this date, soul-destroying text-book, the times of the Patriarchs and the lessons derived

from Old Testament characters were brought home to us in a most forcible way. I say "forcible," for no general knowledge was a substitute for accuracy. Names and dates, for some, I am free to say, were so heavy a burden that the high lesson was marred in the sorrow of toil. The Book, however, was treated with such reverence, and the revelation of the Word was so constantly to the front that the general impression upon these classes was one of steady uplift. Every boy will remember the loving care with which our master handled his Bible, the readiness of quotation, and the pained surprise with which he viewed our ignorance. And when it came to the life of Jesus Christ, there was the same care about details; but the trend of it all was to educate in us a worship of the person of our Lord. In those days only the rumbling of modern methods in criticism had reached us. We boys heard no word of comment; and it was with pain and grief for the results that he ever spoke of going back of the "received tradition." He was in perfect sympathy with all investigation from historical and textual grounds; but he had nothing but scorn and misgiving for the result of the

"higher criticism." "Apply these methods to Homer or to any writer, even to Tennyson, and you can prove anything in regard to authorship." Those who knew him well would agree, I think, that his was a mind eminently gifted to go thoroughly into all these matters, though with a conservative bias; but they came to him too late in life, and he would dismiss the subject with much the same remark often made by Dwight Moody, — "It is all useless, and is only an effort to eliminate the supernatural and to destroy faith." He would express great sorrow when the subject was broached, and once I heard him say, referring to the apathy on this subject of the Anglican Church, — "Perhaps our candle, too, is to be taken away."

One can see now the great mercy of his deliverance by death from the freer handling of God's Word. Both from nature and from his training as a schoolmaster his mind was hard to change in what he had considered essentials.

But the training and example set in careful scholarship, — he often said of a little thing, "If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," — the loving reverence of his manner in treating of holy things, are a heritage of

incalculable value to every boy that ever came within his influence. In this connection a little incident is worth recording. I never remember his speaking directly to a boy in class about behavior; so it was all the more startling one Sunday afternoon to have him send a boy out of his class. As all young people know, this is a nervous hour. The fourth form were assembled in the library, about fifty strong, to recite the Gospel and to answer the questions on it which the Doctor prepared week by week. Sam was smiling because his brother Fred had glibly recited the passage of the ten *leepers*. The Doctor gave a reproving look, which did not entirely smooth out the smile; so Sam was called. "My dear, will you take it up there?" He blundered along for a few lines till he also made some absurd mistake, and increased the awkwardness of the situation by turning to the Doctor with a smile still broader. The Doctor looked at him, and said, "Sam, are you trying to be a buffoon?" "Yes, sir," said the grinning boy. It was really an awful moment. With any other master the tension would have been removed by a laugh or an explosion of wrath; but now the dead silence of suspense was

broken only by the Doctor's saying quietly, "My dear, you had better go downstairs to the school-room." This was the only instance I ever knew of a boy being sent from the Doctor's class. When we all returned to the study, we saw Sam sitting at his desk, in doleful mood, before an open dictionary. He was still gazing at the word "buffoon" and trying to take in its meaning and the enormity of his offense. He said that he thought it meant some sort of a gentleman.

Doctor Coit loved to teach, and he seemed to find a peculiar joy in arousing the interest of the backward boy, — and we certainly had plenty of them, considering the size of the school. When any form was getting hopelessly behind, he would make it his own for a time. I can now see the excitement on a boy's face as he went about among the fellows saying, "We've got the Doctor in Latin!" "I pity you!" or "You're in luck!" would be the response, according to the kind of hearer. And he always had a little company of boys whom he was coaching at odd times in his study. I remember how in the very last years of his life he came into the Lower School to hear classes in history. It was a tonic to

the whole house, and a godsend to those little chaps.

Roman history! It was a delight to himself, and a new world for those whom he taught. Why have we nothing from his pen of all those things with which he was so familiar? For several reasons, which will appear later. But such a question would never be asked by one who followed him from his study to his class, and observed the life that he was putting into his daily work as a teacher.

Surely it is enough for any man to have carried St. Paul's School from its birth to the full strength of its working day.

CHAPTER IV

THE DOCTOR'S STUDY

THERE were not two Dr. Coits; it was the same man in his study as in the school-room, yet one felt more distinctly the perfect relation between the man and the book-lined room. Here the world was left behind, and one breathed the atmosphere of the past and of the future. The spirit of the historical past and of a life to come seemed always breathing out in what we may call the cloistered life of this man. He was eminently the scholar; and he was never so much himself, never so happy, as when in the midst of his books. No one ever came upon him idle; often he would be reading aloud, and would stop to make notes, most discriminating little notes, on the margin. His power of memory for history and literature and his ability to turn his knowledge to account seemed to us ordinary mortals short only of the miraculous. To the boy there was also another apparent miracle, namely, the rapidity with which his eye would discover a

mistake in an exercise. Our fear of this quickness of eye grew to appreciation in after years when we read with him in his study. The corresponding quickness of vision and intellect, however, never ceased to be amazing; his eye would travel over the page of a book or of a letter with lightning speed; he seemed to absorb the meaning without reading.

In our frequent visits to his study — *his door was always open to us* — we came closer to this great personality, and there his winning, almost intimate manner was a perfect medium for exchange of confidences. The ready sympathy of the man would shine out, however, in any place. I remember on one occasion, after he had been standing as straight as a soldier delivering some rather plain talk in the school-room, as he turned to go out his eye fell upon an ugly, little, red-haired boy who was sitting very disconsolate at his desk. The Doctor went to him with a look that would have warmed a stone, and gave him a hearty hand, with a few words in his ear that made him the envy of every boy in the room. To be downhearted was a passport to his heart, and no one ever chaffed a boy who got such attention. These flashes were but

the introduction to what one might look for alone with the Doctor. Even at this day it seems a sacrilege to draw the veil from these study talks which went so deep into the springs of a boy's life. They must ever be our sacred heritage, their true meaning hidden in one's secret heart. But if we look back into the quiet of that room upon moments of the highest elevation of purpose, we look back, too, upon times of awful suspense and abject fear. In the reading-room at Newport a knot of men were discussing the different circumstances that would call out or drive away all their nerve: "Well," said one, "I do not know of anything that would really make me afraid, unless Dr. Coit were to walk into this room and say, '*My dear, what have you been doing for these last ten years?*' I am dead sure that I would be scared."

I am reminded here of what an "Old Boy" has said in "Early Days at Uppingham under Edward Thring." This great schoolmaster was certainly very different in character from Dr. Coit, yet the problem he faced was much the same, namely, to raise the school to an altogether higher level; and the general aim, in caring for the individual, was the same; and

many of their characteristic methods were alike.

This "Old Boy" writes, "Throughout all our time at school he dominated our life in everything. In the early days we saw more of him, and he personally knew every one — as he did, indeed, to a marvelous extent when the school had grown to its full size, for he was at first house master as well as head master to every one.

"He had as head master the power of inspiring an awe which made a lower boy almost tremble to approach him in class, and to get up before him to construe was an ordeal only to be matched by the inexpressible relief of sitting down again without having made an obvious fool of yourself. But I think the most dreaded interview, and it was not infrequent, was when you went to his study for a 'paternal.' If you had been getting careless or giving trouble, and not doing yourself credit, he sent for you and spoke to you 'as a father,' appealing to your better feelings and your love for those at home, and reminding you of your good resolutions all thrown to the winds. He spoke with intense feeling, and invariably moved you to tears; but you came away feel-

ing that there was some good in you, and that he had recognized it, and a fresh start was made easy."

This might well pass as a picture of our own memories of Dr. Coit.

What St. Paul's boy has not stood outside that study door with his heart thumping so loud as almost to prevent his hearing the "Come in"? One night a few of us were on the landing waiting our turn; a boy stood irresolute for some seconds, his hand upraised to knock, summoning his courage. Suddenly the door opened and the Doctor stood in amused quietness before the figure which remained petrified in the very act of knocking. And what were we there for? It was Saturday night, and most of us, probably, were waiting to see the Doctor before going to the early morning Communion. It was an understood thing that no boy went to that service without either the regular preparation of the monthly communicant's meeting or a private interview with the Doctor. These Saturday nights are precious memories of many a life. Words were generally few. Sometimes the Doctor looked up from his sermon — he always wrote his sermons on Saturday — merely to hold out his

hand, and ask the question with his eyes, to which the boy answered, "I want to come to Communion to-morrow." "Good-night, my dear! You have had a good week." No words can describe the stimulus to a boy of such a private confidence and such a trustful God-speed. I never heard teaching as to what is called "private confession," though I have known of the Doctor hearing private confessions and giving absolution in the sacramental sense to those who desired; yet the impression left upon us is that in these matters he dreaded formality. He was sure to detect a want of sincerity or a guilty conscience in a look, and then the loving tenderness of his manner was simply incomparable as he asked, "What is troubling you?" The secrets of the boy's soul came out, not to the priest but to the saving love of man for man; that was the key that unlocked the hearts of his boys as well as those of the poor and distressed in the country round. The tonic of those confessions to a man himself so pure never failed to give strength and courage to all "who rebelled not."

But suppose that one had been missed several times from Communion — he never failed to note the absentees. "My dear, what have

you been doing? You are ashamed to meet your Lord." This is not pleasant to hear, especially when one knows what is coming, and dreads the questioning, for fear of inculpating others. He knows well enough with whom one has been going, and we are all in it together, and one hardens his heart.

Perhaps the boy goes out from his presence a moral leper in his eyes and shuns him evermore; or he makes a clean breast of it and gives details of his crimes and even the names of confederates; for the Doctor shows no sympathy with the reluctance to expose others. "Dishonorable? I do not understand that kind of honor; perhaps that is the 'honor among thieves' that I have heard of before."

But let it be understood at once that mere school offenses were never treated in this way; it was only some absolute wrong that had been weighing on a boy's conscience. When any culprit was detected through information from a companion, punishment rarely followed; the object seemed to be to win the boy to a proper state of mind. The Doctor's standards of right were very high, and not always appreciated by us, but they were very clear and could not be misunderstood.

An old boy writes thus of him to the "Churchman:" "My own strongest impression, as I go back in memory for five and thirty years to the time I entered the school, is of his almost awful righteousness and his enthusiasm for righteousness in others.

"It was this righteousness of his that made 'old boys,' with whitening heads and grizzled beards, feel the old, queer heartbeat when they knocked at the door of his study, long years after they had passed out of his immediate discipline. It was not anything that he would do, or even the severity of the words he would use in righteous indignation, that made boys dread the summons to 'the rector's study,' but the withering blast of his disapproval, a judgment of condemnation, the justice of which was so evident that the boyish heart seldom, if ever, failed to admit the censure to be deserved."

And yet withal among the Doctor's best friends were boys who lived in a state of continual peccadillo. One instance especially do I recall of a boy in a lower form in my day who was almost a regular habitué of the report-room. On returning for a visit to the school, I noticed a great improvement in his

bearing. When I asked him how he was getting along, he said, "I am different from what I used to be; I guess everybody hated me but the Doctor; but I am all right now."

The confirmation class was held in the Doctor's study. In November this class was announced as a preparation for the confirmation to be held on Ascension Day, and the Doctor began thus early to call together those whom he had privately warned of the summons. In spite of all his care, there were some who went through this long preparation without any apparent change in life; but for the large majority it was a time of genuine renewal of their baptismal vows. A quotation from his words "To those who have been confirmed" is a fair summary of his teaching during those months of preparation: "A few words seem necessary to remind you of your duties and privileges, of the sacred lessons of the past, and of those good purposes which I trust you will ever hold fast in the days to come. Our chief anxiety is that you may have the true preparation of heart, that He to whom you have made your solemn promise and vow may see in you the earnest, daily effort to perform it. You have made your choice, once for all, in

confirmation. You can never be confirmed again. And the confirmation promise is very great and binding, — that you will '*continue* Christ's faithful soldier and servant to your *life's end.*' It is the work of your lives to keep it. You cannot do this without God's special grace. He has appointed certain acts of religion as means for obtaining this grace. These are [here are mentioned with comments]: First, Prayer; second, Reading of Holy Scripture; third, Observance of the Lord's Day; fourth, To prepare for and come with lowly, adoring love to the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ . . .; fifth, Care in disposing of your time. It is not yours to waste or abuse. Be occupied. Let some definite employment fill up your waking hours. . . . Then there will be little opportunity for idle thoughts and the 'evil communications' which 'corrupt good manners.' Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

"What we must all aim at, if we would really please God, is to make his will ours, to love that which He commands, and to desire that which He promises. Pray for this every

day, that his Holy Spirit may work that change of will in you that you may be converted from all sin and evil, and may choose and love and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. . . .

"There is more true happiness in one day of earnest, watchful endeavor to do duty and to please God than in weeks of careless living and self-indulgence. 'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.' None of your innocent pleasures will displease Him. He desires the present happiness of his children. He frowns only on that which will really do you harm. You can be as truly his servant in your play as in your prayers.

"I pray Him to deepen in you all the fear and love of his Holy Name. May you take Jesus Christ as your King and Master, and hold fast to Him; and may every day of your life hereafter prove your sincerity, and win the smile of his approval!"

The Doctor's study was the haven for any one in trouble, be he boy, man, or woman. His sympathy did not stop with boys and masters; there one would find one of the maids pouring out her troubles, a farmer's lad preparing for confirmation, a business man

from the town who had lost his wife, or even a poor outcast seeking comfort in his woes.

Let it not be thought from this that the Doctor mingled with his fellows in the affairs of town or country. Far from it: he was peculiarly aloof from all that sort of thing; even if he had had the time, anything, whether in writing, in speaking, or in acting, that brought him before even our simple public, was entirely alien to his nature. He did not live much in anybody else's world except as a friend to help in time of need; and is it not so that this very "aloofness," so to speak, made it easier to trust him with one's confidence? It gave one a feeling of absolute safety. So it was perfectly natural that his study became a refuge for the downcast; the man's heart was always ready for, and yet never betrayed, a confidence.

After the day's work was done and the boys all in bed, there seemed almost a supernatural quiet about this room. It was my great privilege to go to the Doctor's study at that hour several times a week for three or four years. I was reading for Holy Orders under his direction, and that was our time for Greek Testament. There was always the same

radiant smile as he took in his hand this much-loved book, frequently with the remark, "And now for something better." So vividly do these hours come back to my memory that it seems but yesterday that, filled with new desire, I read St. Luke, The Acts, St. John, and most of St. Paul's epistles, with a running comment from my master. I could never read the scenes of "the agony" in his presence without danger of breaking down, so deep and strong became the reality. "And this man was an impostor!" or "This account is a fabrication according to our friend ——!" mentioning the name of some German critic.

I would not change those memories for all the theological training of the schools. No attendance on scientific lectures can supply the place of personal contact with a mind like that of Dr. Coit. It is not so much the instruction absorbed, as it is the insight gained into the methods of study and modes of thought of a really great scholar and theologian by the friendly reading and talk in the private study. There, too, one felt the Spirit of God breathing through and inspiring the man and his learning. These hours were privileges never to be forgotten, and not to be

weighed by any ordinary test. For myself, "Thank God!" is all that I dare say.

Another scene in that room rises before me, very characteristic of the man and his work. It is the curator's hour for his daily report. Interrupted many times, the man of affairs stands patiently by, as the Doctor turns to his table for a letter; this table is covered with a pile of books, exercises, and letters in seemingly utter confusion, — but in his mind this is order, for there is rarely an instant lost in putting his hand on what he needs; a boy who had been sent for arrives, and with several masters, each waiting for a word, these all together form a little group about the Doctor's table; fun is twinkling in his eye and bubbling in his voice, as he plays one against another, till by degrees each affair is smoothed over, if not settled. Meantime the boy is waiting for an expected reproof, and at last, "shifting feet," says, "Do you wish to see me, sir?" Then quietly the Doctor turns as if he had not observed him before, and at once, looking him straight in the eyes in his wonderful way, says, "I am afraid that you are not doing very well. I just want to give you a word of encouragement," and he holds out his hand for a

friendly grasp. Tears fill the boy's eyes, and he falters, "Thank you, sir," as he turns to go.

No method in it all to the eye of the business man. It was the method of the man of God, constantly waiting on God's will, distrustful of self, trusting Him to decide many things in his own way, unwilling to experiment with others' suggestions, but proving all things as he went. This slowness to trust others in small practical ways, no doubt, vastly increased his own labor, and hastened his own end; but out of it all was evolved St. Paul's School, an exponent of a system of education absolutely dependent on the man.

Is any other kind of system worth the name? Can intellectual, spiritual, or any other kind of life be transmitted except through the *hard labor* of mind on mind? If the life is not there, if the love is not there, let us bury the form.

That room with its great soul has been too long the centre of love and life at St. Paul's for any true son to be satisfied simply with methods and memories.

. . . . . .

This letter is inserted here as exemplifying the general tone of the Doctor's private talks.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., August 2, 1864.

MY DEAR ——, — As next Sunday is the day appointed for your First Communion, I want to drop you a line to assure you of my very great anxiety for you and interest in this important step in your Christian course. Your good father has explained, I am sure, all about the Sacrament that you need to know, and you have his example, prayers, and counsel, as well as your mother's, to help you on. But you must do your part. You must try to think that you are coming into the very Presence of your dear Saviour. Before men we are naturally desirous to appear well; but how should we feel when we come so near the Lord and King of Angels and of men? He is your True Friend, and He loves you and has always loved you; and all your sincere conscientious efforts to serve Him please Him. I think He has been pleased with you in your good efforts the past year, in your trying to get the better of yourself, to be obedient and truthful, and to subdue vanity and self-conceit. Now He holds out his arms to you. He can help you to do right, and He only. Without Him, you will be proud and vain, and false and self-deceived.

He will come to you now to strengthen and help you, to show you true happiness, and to confirm all your good purposes. Come to Him and trust Him to help you. And say to Him, "Here am I, a young boy needing help, and full of weakness. Lord, dear Lord, take me and honor me to be thy servant."

My dear, may the Lord be with you! While I am engaged in the same blessed act here, I shall remember the boy kneeling for the first time to share in that high and holy gift which makes us all one — young and old, happy and careworn. May the Lord be with you! We are having a pleasant time with our friends here. I think we shall leave about the 11th or 12th for Concord. Please thank your father for his letter to me, in my behalf. Mrs. Coit joins me in kind regards to your father and mother and love to yourself.

I am, as always, dear ——,

Affectionately and truly yours,

HENRY A. COIT.

CHAPTER V

THE DOCTOR'S TALKS

Our great master knew well the force of the word spoken in season to the whole school. His quick eye, commanding presence, and quiet manner always won absolute attention.

These short and winning talks were peculiar to themselves, and moreover they were always given with a peculiar fitness. There was only one regular talk for each week, and that was "the Thursday evening lecture;" but there were two other occasions on which the Doctor addressed the school, and each was marked with its own character.

In the early days he came in every night at the end of the evening study to read a chapter in the Bible with the boys, and to say good-night. All these little customs of the school had two results, first, to enhance the importance of the individual, and second, to create a solidarity of the whole body or family. In this "Bible hour," as it was called, we each read a verse in turn; when the school

became too large for this, about a dozen of the younger boys moved to the front and read, while the rest of us followed with our open Bibles. At this time the Doctor would often add a few words of counsel. He also liked to look each boy in the face and give him a hearty grip before he went to bed. There was no rule to this end, but all, as far as I ever observed, went up to say good-night.

But on Thursday evening we always expected a more set talk on our school life. Discipline and rule were not the subjects of these talks; they were entirely in the nature of confidential remarks on our own lives, and so always interesting. The Doctor sat easily at the desk with the manner of a man talking to his friend; he began in a low voice, thus giving the air of privacy as well as commanding absolute quiet in order to catch the first words. My heart, even now, quickens as I recall how I watched the hands of the clock drawing nearer to half past eight. Precisely on the stroke the door would open, books were put away, and by the time the Doctor had taken his seat all faces were turned in ready attention. Perhaps there had been

some sort of a row that very day, and we could not see him without a feeling of undefined fear; but never a word of reference to it would we hear; that was not the time.

"A mother brings her boy to me, and she says 'Tommy,' or 'Dickie,' or 'Harry is such a dear fellow; he is perfectly truthful, he has plenty of brains, and he has always been a favorite with his companions and masters, but he is so *easily led*.' Now, strange to say, I do not find it so; I cannot lead him; he readily follows a fellow into some foolish mischief, but he does not follow those who will lead him to his best interests." Then would come about a ten minutes' picture of a boy who *followed* the noble traits of his ancestors, and who won the love and admiration of good men, ending with a brief allusion to the Great Example.

At another time he would begin: "I saw a group of boys about to start a game; some one must *lead*, and some one always does lead; the leader invariably seems to be at hand. There are boys who take to it by nature; wherever they are they take the lead." And so he would proceed to a most interesting talk on leadership and true manliness of spirit. I

was going to say "independence," but I cannot recall the Doctor ever using that word in any praiseworthy sense. He dealt rather with "following," and "leading." He laid great stress upon loyal following of appointed leaders. I remember a most impressive talk on the loyalty due to parents, to the school, and to himself as the person in chief authority. This kind of thing came naturally from one who showed such self-sacrifice and love in his daily life. His many years as a schoolmaster perhaps increased his sensitiveness, but never lessened his evident gratification at personal appreciation and personal following. A scene now recurs to me which seemed inexplicable to us at the time. Some boys were very noisy in the darkness just outside the school-house door. As the Doctor passed among them on his way to his study he spoke to one and another, but very few were aware of his presence, and the noise continued; so when he came to the steps he turned and spoke to them all. The boys near by called "hush," and many others still unaware took up the cry for fun. Presently, however, they knew that he was there, and kept absolute silence while he rebuked their noise. It afterward appeared that he was very

much hurt because, as he thought, they had hissed him. Even after a body of the older boys had waited on him with a disavowal from all of such an intention, he still persisted in this view, and bowed them out of his study with the remark that this had never before happened in the school.

I remember once, after the "Sunday evening hymn," how the Doctor turned and walked away without giving his customary "Good-night." We were left in blank astonishment, feeling like culprits, all under disgrace for the meanness of a few disloyal spirits. There was a method in this public expression of what seemed like personal pique. It rallied his loyal friends to sympathize with him in his disapproval of what he considered a disgrace to the school. No other man ever handled boys in just this way; but there is no doubt about it, these apparent weaknesses of his character were somehow turned to notes of power, and tended all the more to impress his personality upon every boy and man in the place.

He was always the leader, though I believe that he was keenly alive to the danger to himself of the pride of self-will. One of his sayings to his men was, "A schoolmaster must

learn to be disobeyed." I remember, as a man, receiving a rebuke that gave me food for thought. I differed from him on the expediency of some rule because of the impossibility of enforcing it. "You mean," he said, "the impossibility of not having your own way."

In his talks to the boys he showed scant sympathy with the ordinary schoolboy code of fellowship. He knew its power, however, and he was often at much pains to show the true relation of the individual to the crowd, as well as to his fellow. "Friendship" was a frequent theme, and "mutual help" was often the end of his talks. I remember once his beginning in some such way as this: "What is it that you look for when you are choosing a friend? I have seen a boy not altogether blessed with friends suddenly become a centre of admiration. He has arrived from town with a pound of toffy; he has begun to wear a new and well-cut coat, or he has made a top score." After a few light touches of this sort, he would tell a story of what some boy had done for his friend, dwelling on those unselfish traits which make for friendship, and so describing the joy of interdependence of character as to arouse in us new desires. He was

a great believer in the one friend. In a little society which he fostered among the boys, one of the objects was to lead fellows to look out for and befriend those who needed help. Another was to induce boys to speak out boldly for the right. Indeed, these were key-notes of his own character, which in many ways he impressed upon the school. The motto of our only other society, the Missionary Society, was *Non nobis sed aliis*.

At the beginning of the term we were pretty sure to have a talk on bullying: "It is such a pleasure to bring tears to a fellow's eyes! Such a noble enjoyment to put others in pain! Such a brave thing to be one of a crowd to torment a fellow fresh from home," or "so honorable to attack one weaker than yourself! If you must show your prowess pray take —" mentioning a school-giant; "there would be some glory in that. You have come from refined and gentle homes, and it goes without saying that this kind of thing is not worthy of you. But let me say distinctly that no bully will be tolerated here." His whole nature was aroused by cruelty; and woe to the boy who took these words lightly!

Another subject of these talks was "slang."

He objected to useless vulgar expressions. The habitual chasteness of his own speech made it all the more striking when he said one evening, "What would you think if you heard me 'darn it' or take my oath 'By Jove?' If not for me, why for you"? A practical talk on the absurdity and weakness of interlarding one's conversation with slang turned many a boy to a permanent effort to reform. But in regard to expressions that bordered on swearing or "the use of sacred names in a light and thoughtless way," the Doctor was very pronounced. In this there was no hair-splitting, but a straight direction as against swearing itself. We were not allowed to use sacred names in declamation exercises and the like, and we were directed to change the words of some of our songs which seemed to us harmless enough. "Homer's Iliad" was to be the refrain of "Bingo" instead of "Balm of Gilead."

A test of the power of these talks would appear in the faithful way in which many customs were established and maintained, customs which could rely on nothing but public spirit. A good instance of this was the universal habit of Bible reading in the school.

When Bible hour came, every boy, so far as I could see, would take out his Bible and read the chapter. A story that the Doctor told us one Thursday evening made a great impression, mostly from the manner of the telling, for the matter was simple enough.

"You know that one of our traditions established here from the beginning is 'Bible hour.' I had a letter some years ago from an old boy who had been through the last years of the war. He wrote to tell me of the death in battle of another old boy, with whom he had been associated. He was a wild fellow and had disgraced his family and broken his mother's heart; but he had done noble service in the field, and the writer felt that I would like to know how he had retrieved himself; and he wanted to tell me that, no matter how tired or how drunk, when that fellow came into his tent at night he always took out and read a little Bible which he carried in his pocket, and said, 'Now we 'll have Bible hour.' When he was brought in dead, there was the book in his breast."

In later years when I was a master among the boys, the effect of his talks was very apparent. Though I no longer heard them, I

generally knew what had been the subject from changes in the boys' tone, as well as in more direct ways. One of many special cases occurs to me. Some of the younger boys were banded together for no good purpose. I could not lay my finger exactly on the trouble, and one day, when I asked a leader among them what was up, he said, "You need not worry about that; the Doctor broke that up by his lecture."

Nothing could exceed the dexterity, as well as force, with which in these talks the Doctor touched upon all matters that affected the inner life of the school as well as of the boy, — purity, unselfishness, reverence, gentleness, manliness, truthfulness, honesty, friendship, and habits of prayer, study, order, and good manners. He was a thorough believer in the power of habit, and he was constantly shaping his policy to "form habits." I remember a talk on the "habit of an outdoor life." He marked the tendency of some to shun the cold and the rough games of winter. I can see him now as he threw back his shoulders with a great breath, and spoke of the joy of battling with the storm, and of the poverty of a life shut indoors.

The Thursday evening lecture was, as I have said, never a direct appeal to school order or discipline; but it was sometimes an outcome of some breach which had been dealt with at the proper time. I shall never forget the awe that fell upon the room one night when, in some matter of theft, after opportunity had been given for confession with no results, the Doctor said, "Then we have a thief among us."

Again, on another occasion, after a boy had been promptly sent home for using unfair means at an examination, our hearts stood still as he said, "No boy who is a cheat can possibly live here." This personal reference was almost unique as far as my experience goes, for while the Doctor was unbending and sometimes bitter against the sin, he ever had mercy for the sinner. Though his words were often severe, we always took them at their face value, for his character was such as to tally exactly, and we knew that he meant what he said, for he not only *said* but *lived*.

It is with regret that I turn from the Thursday evening lecture. There all the secret springs of school life were cleared of the mud of evil spirits; there so many slipping anchors

found bottom to hold all through a man's life. But the temptation to dwell on these life-giving hours of long ago, now so moulded behind a man's own experience, is sure to lead to an undue coloring of the picture of this great master of boys. It was here that the *man* became intimately known in that wide manliness that included the gentleness and sympathy of the woman; here he was both father and mother; it was here that he mainly laid the foundation in our hearts of those traditions which governed the school, and so impressed himself in them as to make it impossible for a bad boy to continue long at St. Paul's. In spite of the evil everywhere, no form of wickedness could become fashionable: a boy who set about inculcating the "ways of other places" soon found himself in the minority. I recall most distinctly the promptness with which a certain boy in our fifth form was put down, when he enunciated the principle that a man had a right to use forbidden helps in an examination if he was watched; he maintained that the fact of being watched by a master lifted the bond from his honor. A congenial spirit who sat right behind me immediately reported this view to

his neighbors (we were just about to have a written examination), with a vague hope of corroboration; but he got scant attention, save a fling or two, "Bill, you 're a fool," "You had better not try that here."

As I write, another scene comes to mind: "John Smith told a lie to Mr. Harrison, and he is writing his English all over again; come and look at him." With three or four others I went to the school-room door, and we stood there for some minutes, gazing at the culprit as he bent over his book, and whispering together of the facts of this disgrace. "He is only a new fellow, anyhow," one remarked as we turned away. It was not the fashion to lie, even to a master.

Those who studied in the Lower, or in old Number 3, did not hear so much talk. The Doctor was always more or less annoyed by the restlessness of the little fellows, and felt that with them words could be easily overdone. He was always divided in feeling between his duty to make the effort and his distaste to talk to unattentive ears. When he broke his leg, it was by slipping on the ice as he was going into Number 3 one evening for a talk. Afterwards he said to me, "It has

been a mistake, my going over there so often, and this is a judgment on me."

There was almost always a talk on Saturday afternoon at the calling in for weekly "marks;" and this occasion also had its own round of subjects, namely, those of school order or school work. "If you were all boys of another kind, it would, perhaps, be right to have here a system of espionage. But consider what that would mean, and how our pleasant relations would be marred." The Doctor would then put some matter of school order in a light entirely novel to the ordinary boy; he would start a youngster's mind to reason on a different plane, threading his logic through and through with lines of humor, and pleadings for one's own best interests, ending in some such way as this: "I can foresee that some of you are setting out to spoil your year. Nothing will come of it but disappointment to yourself and to your home. Now, do lay this to heart."

It is the first Saturday afternoon of the year. We are all in or about the school-room, washed and brushed. New boys are feeling a little more at home, especially those who have been fortunate enough to have gotten

into some game for the afternoon. Talk is running high on the chances of the clubs for the year, while old boys are gathering in knots about the likeliest-looking new boys, presenting their rival claims. "You're an Old Hundred, I can tell it by your eye." "No! No! he is an Isthmian! You've promised, haven't you?" and so on, in much good-natured and bewildering banter, till suddenly there falls a hush, and gradually perfect quiet, as the Doctor comes in with a broad roll of paper in his hand. Whatever this man carried became at once a wand of office and added to his dignity. As we went to our desks, the sixth form and some of the fifth began to file in with chairs till the aisle and space about the dais were completely filled. (In the new school-room these boys had stalls about the sides of the room.) "We have started on another term of work. Some of you for the first time are learning what it is to be away from home. I pray that no boy brings anything here that will shame this place, or learns anything here which would make him blush before his mother.

"In a large company of this sort it is necessary to have some restraints which are not

required at home. But we shall not call them rules; in one sense of the word we have no rules but the rule of the gentleman. Common sense and good breeding dictate what is fitting in a place like this. Our traditions have grown from the beginning, and I count on you all to help me in fixing these firmly in our life. You can readily understand that we must have fixed customs to keep this great company in harmony and to accomplish any adequate result. I wish all to have as much liberty as is compatible with our well-being as a household. You will please observe that," etc. Here followed a precise statement of the few rules as to "bounds," "punctuality," etc., suggestions as to hours of recreation, and a promise that he himself would give a prize at the end of the year for the best collection of wild flowers and one for the best collection of minerals. "Most of our neighbors here are our good friends and I wish to keep them as friends, so you will be careful not to interfere with their belongings. It is absolutely necessary that you do not traffic with them in any way. And when you have permission to go into the town you will please deal with Mr. A. and Mr. B. They count on us for

their support and I can really rely on them to deal fairly by you."

It is easy to see how this style of talk wrought a spirit of confidence and loyalty, magnifying each one's responsibility, as well as the high import of the school.

Then, unfolding the large sheet in his hand, he explained the system of "marks," and the honors to be won, and awarded at the end of the year. As there were no "marks" to be read on the first Saturday, he proceeded to call the roll of the school. As he concluded he said, with a tone of love and reverence: "To-morrow is your first Sunday, — for some of you the first Sunday ever spent away from your own homes. I do pray that you will make it a helpful day, one and all. It is the first day of a new week; it is God's day, and each of us must keep it for Him. There will be a short lesson to learn; but you will have ample time for walking and reading and writing home. The books of every-day are to be put by, so that you may observe a marked change from the rest of the week. If there is any doubt about the kind of book to read, come and consult with myself. One of the older boys will open the Sunday library after

breakfast, and you will find there a very suitable collection. But the surest way to keep ourselves in tune is for each to join heartily in the chapel services. At seven o'clock there is a celebration of the Holy Communion for the older ones, and communicants of the household. There is the place to meet your Lord and to begin the week in His presence. Speak to me in my study this evening, if you wish to be present at that service. I should like to be notified at once of any new boys who are communicants.

"Now, do take heart and buckle to; you will soon be accustomed to new surroundings; and it will be such a joy to bring home at Christmas a good report!"

"Home-coming" was often the theme of these talks. I seem to hear even now the words, "Five weeks from this hour most of you will be once more in your homes surrounded by those who love you best in the world. What a difference to them if you have done your duty here! Reports do not always tell. But there is a sure happiness to mother and boy for him who has done his best."

CHAPTER VI

THE PLAYGROUND

For his knowledge of the playground and his wise appreciation of manly sport we have to thank the Doctor's native intuition rather than any practical experience. We sometimes forgot that his study window commanded a view of the whole ground (now devoted to the Lower School); I saw him actually on the field but once. Mrs. Coit and the Doctor would sometimes stroll after tea on the path that skirted the pond, and on various occasions he would be seen looking on from the road, or even at the "lower grounds" in later times. On the occasion in mind the Doctor was to our eyes the principal man in the game. It happened on this wise: With some other little fellows I was returning from a chestnut raid one Saturday afternoon, when, as we crossed the bridge, we heard cheering and saw a compact group of boys on the playground. There seemed to be little going on but some kind of "horse-play," yet suddenly

the Doctor sailed across the lawn and made straight for the scene of action. As he approached, all fell back, and disclosed a tipsy man, standing foolishly in the midst. The Doctor walked deliberately up to him, and, while all stood amazed, took him firmly by the collar, and at arm's length marched him out to the middle of the road, and turning him right about toward Farmer Hall's, gave him a gentle push, with the words, "Go home at once!" Fifteen years afterwards I happened on this same man "doing chores" on the top of Flagstaff Hill, and he remembered the above incident, but with only kindly feelings toward Doctor Coit. The Doctor's firmness and efficiency on this occasion led us to manufacture all sorts of tales about his prodigious strength and athletic prowess. Though I still believe that his nervous force was capable of surprising results, yet, in truth, of muscle he had none. I cannot conceive of his ever having taken part in any game. He once said to me that he had never felt equal to games as a boy, but when he did play that he remembered doing it with great enthusiasm. I imagine that his energies had always gone out to purely intellectual effort. He never had any

athletic ambition, and he heartily agreed with the Psalmist, that "The Lord delighteth not in any man's legs." It was certain that we considered him far above all these things, — a man of another kind, a sort of an angel. But no schoolmaster more thoroughly appreciated the influence of the playground. The very fact of the Doctor's distance from our boyish love of sport, and his evident ignorance of the technique, combined with his unfailing interest, kept the whole thing in its proper place in the school. The responsibility for ordering and leading the games thus devolved upon the older boys, with whom some of the masters were wont to join, but simply as fellow-players. Football, cricket, rowing, shinney, skating, and coasting, — all held sway, each in its own time. Some members of the sixth will remember how much quiet suggestion came from the Doctor to create what seemed to be only spontaneous play. Do you not recall the challenge to a "friendly game of cricket" from the two club captains to the Lower School? What swipes over the shed and through the windows! But the little fellows had their enthusiasm aroused by the notice from the great men of the school. In the same way "prison-

ers' base," "peel away," and other rollicking games were set going on off afternoons. The same tactics were pursued in keeping out games that were "not convenient." Beyond a spasmodic life in the late fall and early spring, baseball could make no head. The game was never forbidden, or even publicly alluded to, but somehow a boy felt like a culprit when he played what we were pleased to call the national game. I remember once that some talk came back to the Doctor of baseball having been forbidden at St. Paul's. He took occasion to say in the school-room that "I never have forbidden and never will forbid any manly game." Though some good and loyal fellows never could submit kindly to this feeling against their favorite sport, yet the very large majority fell into line, it seems to me to their own advantage. The tone of our playground was certainly far ahead of that of any place where modern baseball rules. As to the individual, one generally feels that his own experience is typical, — namely, that of a baseball lover taking up cricket "because the Doctor wanted it," learning the game, liking it, gradually realizing its moral effect on one's life, and ending by

placing it ahead of any other one game or study in developing the best powers of a boy. Intuition and long experience as an interested observer, I believe, brought Dr. Coit to much the same conclusion.

But he never could exalt a mere game of any kind. "Now just look at Tom Brown," to a group of boys standing about him at noon in the school-room. It was one of the first dry days of the spring. We all looked out, and there were Tom and several others over on the old clay crease getting ready for cricket; he had taken off his linen shirt and tied his head up in a pocket handkerchief and was just then in the act of taking off his suspenders to tie them round his waist; this was the approved fair-weather costume for bowlers. The Doctor, however, remarked, "He looks as if he was going to undress completely; my dear, just run and tell him to refrain; he must put on his hat and shirt and vest." To the end of his days the Doctor never could see why a fellow needed to undress in order to play. He was constantly giving little directions about coats and hats. One day, cool for the time of year, he said that all must wear their coats except the batters and

bowlers, pronouncing the "bow" in "bowler," like "bow" of a ship, as some of the English do, which made his remarks seem all the more to come from the distance of the stars. This seemingly impractical and far-away point of view but added to our feeling of reverence and awe towards the man. No matter how successful the athlete or how glorified by the boys, never did he feel at St. Paul's that he was the man his brother scholar was. The very way in which the Doctor would praise a boy for his prowess, while it gave genuine pleasure, never unduly exalted. In his study, surrounded with his books, while a new boy, rather homesick, was under the other-world spell of the place, the Doctor could afford to say to the little lad, "Jack, I hear that you are famous at football;" or he would stop in a stroll along the edge of the field to reward a boy by a smile, or a "Well done." I stood next him once at such a time and heard him say, "Who would ever have thought that fellow had such go?"

If we played any outside cricket team, he was always emphatic, however, that we should win. One summer the school eleven got together in the middle of the vacation under

a too zealous captain, to play a return match with a team which we had beaten in the spring; we were disastrously defeated. You may be sure that there was a "rod in soak" for us on our return to the school.

He never allowed boys to leave the school during term to play any game; and it was with evident misgiving that he allowed matches even at the end of term, or visiting teams during term: these were favors granted only to cricket.

While we played, the Doctor would generally be found visiting the sick and sorrowing in the country; or, as Mr. Hunt used to say, "browsing around" his bookstore in the town. Barring his boys and his few friends, what he loved the best in the world, as we have said before, was the inside of a book, and next to that the outside. Bats and balls had no charms for him except as means with which to open a boy's soul.

The important place held by outdoor life at St. Paul's was due not only to the Doctor's appreciation of the necessity of keeping boys healthfully occupied, but also to his unfailing respect for the individual. So considerate was he in this regard, that almost any privilege

would be granted to a boy if it was asked for in the proper spirit. Wondering at the liberty to certain boys to keep pets, a boy once said, "I believe that the Doctor would give us leave to have an elephant, if I just asked." And as to the games, much was left to the initiative of the individual. I thank my stars that when captain of an eleven I had no manager. As noted above, the masters played freely with us, but played as fellows, and we enjoyed their fellowship. When the fit came upon one to roam our beautiful hills, roam we did, in squads, in pairs, and "in singles" so to speak, with no thought of the guiding hand or eye of man.

The Doctor's delightful ignorance in regard to our outdoor life sometimes led to little disasters and curtailments of liberty. Who can forget the actual danger that we used to incur on the early ice? On a certain day, Mr. Morrill, who represented the muscular Christianity of the school, would walk out a little way from the shore with an ax and cut a hole in the ice: if it was within a certain number of inches, "no skating;" which fact often scattered us to look for unguarded spots to try our own luck. Or if the required number of inches had been attained, "All on," with little re-

gard for the quality of the ice or the more dangerous places on the pond. No ropes or poles were at hand, and when boys "got in," as they frequently did, they were rescued by others often at great risk of a general drowning. And, too, what fellow can forget the tearing down "Tibbetts'" at break-neck speed, with the double swaying from side to side, sometimes crashing into the line of boys walking up, and often plunging into the ditch or against the stone wall? It was only a matter of time before a fatal accident brought about more care. But there was the daring, and the joy of freedom. Now the boy is hounded and whipped (metaphorically of course) into the position of a man in the ranks, to charge his fellow's armored body, and literally to take his life in his hand; and we call this parody of sport a game. In the days just passed, perhaps too great liberty was given to a boy to become either a great man or a fool; but with all our modern organizing of studies and athletics, it seems too much that one cannot be a fool if one really desires. Let us call a halt and have a little disorganization and fun. As Doctor Coit frequently remarked, this kind of thing is all in the hands of the schoolmasters.

Men at college will play what they have been taught at school in the long run. Surely it does not seem wise for schoolmasters to abandon the making of games to those whose interest is to draw a crowd or to sell their goods. The Doctor's sarcasm at times would break out over this cowardly paltering with such an important matter. When people would complain that boys were not learning the baseball that would put them on college nines, he said very plainly, "They are much better off to be free from all college baseball."

He never would condone roughness anywhere, and in old times, when we played Rugby football, long before it was spoiled by "off side play" and "interference," there were never serious injuries, though on certain occasions practically the whole school would be on the field. "School and Lower this afternoon against Upper," posted on the bulletin board, would bring not only the giants but every urchin for his stray chance at a kick or a run. And all this had much to do with him who gave spirit and tone to every phase of our school life.

The national election day always brought out great enthusiasm. Almost under the Doc-

tor's window, perched upon the roof of the door to the "boot-room," Ned Parker made a stump speech for O'Conor, which was vociferously cheered; other speeches followed, prior to adjournment to the polls, a window of the bowling alley. Here the Democrats, though greatly in the minority, succeeded in rushing the crowd, and by keeping out Republicans almost tied their vote. In '76 the excitement was so intense that the Doctor came out to investigate. He was horrified at the free fight which was proceeding in the usual fashion; he expostulated in vain, as no one heard; at last he hooked his cane into the clothing of some struggling figure and so drew him out with only a remnant of a shirt to his back. But the look of the joy of battle on the boy's face at once disarmed any rebuke, and the Doctor passed on with, "Well, my dear, if that is so much to your taste, I shall not interfere." However, there were no more rowdy elections.

But the playground that really interested him was the library. Travel was always a delight, though rarely indulged, and books of travel were among his favorite gifts. Some of us remember how he considered a summer

abroad and the buying of many books, for him special forms of temptation. In writing to a young clergyman, one of his own boys, who he thought was lingering too long abroad, he said: "It will be a greater satisfaction to you to have dragged one soul to the gates of Paradise than to have seen all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

Our reading was always to him of special interest and care. He allowed very few of the daily papers, and he discouraged magazine reading as having a tendency to dissipate the energies. The comic papers were his special horror, owing to the vulgarity of some and the irreligion of others. He considered that what might be admissible, even in a home where there were counteracting influences, was not always so in a place of education. We frequently heard him express himself very decidedly both as to the art and as to the style of humor current in most of these publications. The proper directing of one's taste in such matters seemed to him an important part of education. With him this outweighed the fear of misunderstanding by the world at large, of the irritation among some of the boys, and even of the occasional evasion of

his wishes. In this, as in other matters of high standard, the evasion by the few, who would be in the shadow of dark ways at best, was not to be weighed against the general good. When "Life" was first becoming popular, he absolutely forbade its appearance in the school. I well remember his holding one of the early copies in his hand, and after observing the tone of flippancy with which it treated subjects of, to him, the highest importance, with despairing sorrow he said, "And they call that *Life!*" He never could forgive the use of a name so sacred for such parody. He did not see things just as the rest of the world, and he was not afraid to be consistent.

Somehow it was the fashion to read Scott, and in the long winter darkness we were steered in various ways to take up Shakespeare. Our fifth form had a Shakespeare club, and frequently parts of the great dramas were learned and rehearsed in costume. This intellectual playground was the one for him; these plays and the school concerts he greatly enjoyed. But from the edge of the other field he was ever a silent spectator, with a look of quizzical amusement, as if he still failed to understand.

A SNAP SHOT

CHAPTER VII

IN THE CHAPEL

Uncertainty is the predominating feeling of the first days of a boy at school. But there was something about our head-master that from the very beginning gave the feeling of security. To hear his estimate of the bully warmed to him the soul of the new boy. Sympathy, of course, was the medium through which his greatness was approached by the boy, but I suppose that in his character what gave so markedly the impression of security was his constancy. To those who needed him he was the same faithful friend at all times and in all places. He had no mannerisms appropriate to the school-room or to the chapel. While the manner always fitted the occasion, it was peculiarly his own. To a man so sensitive as Dr. Coit there must have come times of great depression; and it always seemed to me a mark of his greatness that this depression so rarely affected his judgment or his kindness. His voice and manner in

the chapel never varied. Was it not a marvelous thing that there, day after day, year in and year out, in a life so full of petty vexations, the same lofty and inspiring spirituality prevailed? This alone was a tower of strength and certainty to the erring volatile boy.

On the first morning of school, the boy's perplexities thickened with every stroke of the chapel bell. There were the first few continuous peals to which no one seemed to give any heed; then a more prolonged ringing at which one remarked, "There goes the ten minutes' bell." (These repeated calls of the first bell ending with the longer peal, then the ten minutes interval before the final tolling of the last bell, were all parts of the Doctor's plan for trying to bring our minds into trim before entering the chapel.) "Sure enough," in ten minutes there was a toll at which the outside games stopped, desks in the school-room were opened and shut, and there was a general movement toward the chapel. I was in the school-room trying to solve some of my uncertainties, and, as I followed the stream out through the common room and turned into the little passage which opened at the side of the house toward the chapel door, there stood

the Doctor fully robed. Once more I breathed freely. There was a doorway here that led into the part of the house occupied by the head-master's family, and it was his custom to robe in his own house and stand at the entrance, facing us as we passed before him into chapel. I have said that the Doctor was "fully robed;" his figure filled the doorway. Till the latter part of his life he always wore the old-fashioned, wide-spreading surplice which stood out in ample folds. I for one was exceedingly sorry to have that old memory marred by the adoption of another style, for it was a characteristic feature in the picture so dear to St. Paul's men.

His presence there in the hall as we passed was a guarantee of safety to the lonely new boy and a brace toward reverence to every one in the crowd. Talking immediately stopped, and we passed out and across the yard in silence. I found myself in the lower part of the chapel, which I afterwards learned was reserved for the country people, "the neighbors." The Doctor followed up the line of boys and sailed straight to his stall; the hymn was given out at once, and the first verse read while we found our places; but I may

say that for myself I soon formed the habit of looking at the Doctor while he read, the hymn taking on a new meaning as I listened.

Three facts stand out in my memory from that first morning in chapel: first, the all-pervading influence of the Doctor as he stood or kneeled at his place almost in the midst of us — his reverence was contagious; then, the hearty singing of the hymn, and the deafening response in the Psalter and prayer; and thirdly, the manner of the boys themselves was in thorough accord with the place. As I afterwards learned, the Doctor's close attention to the service was not incompatible with his power of noticing any carelessness on our part; without looking, he would feel that a certain place in the chapel was out of touch, and then he would look fairly at the spot in such a way as to bring a boy to his better self. I have seen him turn and leave his own seat to give a book to a boy who was not following the service. Some careless happy-go-lucky, called to the Doctor's study and expecting a "lecture," would be taken aback by such words as these: "My dear, I want to give you this little token of my regard, and I hope that you will keep it by you and use it

in the chapel;" and then he would write with one of his fine little pencils the boy's name, "From his faithful friend, H. A. C.," on the fly-leaf of a beautiful prayer book. It seemed his special delight to give books as presents. He certainly did love books, and, in spite of the quickness of his ear, always preferred to *see* the page. He invariably followed the whole service with his book, and to all of us he constantly advised the same practice.

The chapel was the place where he looked for the real self to show. As a man I remember the great distress which he expressed to me concerning a certain boy about whom he had taken much trouble, when the restlessness in a part of the chapel was attributed to this fellow. "Just think of it! when he is on his knees he recites nursery rhymes; he confesses to have said aloud, 'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour.'" The Doctor's sense of humor cropped out even among the weeds of trouble.

In the chapel, as in all the life of the school, there was not only the careful study of the whole effect, but always first the loving vigilance of and for the individual. It was a boy's face in chapel that often gave the

Doctor the desired clue. This was no secret; he openly and naturally looked each boy in the face as he passed out, and I once heard him say, "I sit there as a sort of embodiment of their consciences; it is in that House that a boy's true self will show in look and manner." Did you ever get used to passing the Doctor's stall? It was like a daily "dress rehearsal" of a fellow's state of heart. That seat in the old chapel is never occupied, and I confess that to-day, as often as I pass and repass, it is never without the consciousness of the presence of him who *was* there. Over it stands a brass tablet with the words: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honor dwelleth."

Of course, this kind of "following up" was galling to some natures; but even to them there was the stimulus. I can recall no case of a boy coming to the school below the age of sixteen who seemed in any way injured; as soon as the Doctor was known, his great love generally acted as a balm for the wounded pride.

Surely there was a great "let down" when we came into the college world and stood alongside of boys of eighteen or twenty

who had been through most of the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We did not *know* as much as they; we were not so *strong?* Suffice it to say that Dr. Coit had no faith in that kind of strength. "The little old men of the school," as he called them, were objects of pity and compassion. His idea of *strength* was different.

> "My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure."

It was the strength of innocence for which he strove in himself and in his boys, the strength of God's Spirit, unmixed with the knowledge of evil. He himself wonderfully illustrated the Master's charge to the Apostles: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." And as St. Paul to his converts at Rome, so he to us: "I would have you wise unto that which is good and simple concerning evil." (Of course, we must all admit that much depends on the method of application; but surely the knowledge of good as a principle of education tends more to moral strength than the knowledge of evil. Moreover, the habits of youth formed on the one or the other will follow us persistently.) While I was at college Dr. Coit asked me if

I thought that a man who had defiled himself could ever be quite the same. I was obliged to confess that I thought not. No one could more thoroughly believe in "the forgiveness of sins," yet he always taught that sin would exact her wages. I remember many striking passages on this subject in his sermons. "How could such a holy man have such insight into the effects of sin?" was often in my mind when I heard his scathing description of the man who followed his own lust. Many old boys will remember the distinction made in his catechism questions between the "trying or tempting" of a man's strength and the "leading or tempting" into sin. "It is never necessary for a man to fall in order to be strong," was a sentence often on his lips. Again and again this trend of the Doctor's teaching appears; it seems to me, after all, the distinctive feature of his life work. "They will go from strength to strength, and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Zion," was not only the plan of his own life, but it was also the plan that he marked out for his boys. No doubt it was often misunderstood; it is only the pure heart with a keen insight into other hearts that appreciates

the high value of innocence. Most of us begin to realize this when it is too late. What man of us now striving after high and noble aims would not sacrifice much to clear the memory of this or that shadow from his early life? Do we, old boys of Dr. Coit, do we not now see the wisdom of his purity? He loves much who is forgiven much, it is true; but a Peter could never have the vision of a John, or a Magdalen the lofty love of a Virgin.

Thus it was that the absolute perfection in all things, at which we were taught to aim, naturally had its centre in the chapel. Here it was that the Doctor dealt plainly with Eternal Truth; and here it was that he gathered up all the arrows which fell short, and gave us in plain terms the mark at which he would have us aim. The late President Garfield once said very truly to him: "I see, Dr. Coit, that you have the faculty of impressing yourself upon your boys;" to which the Doctor is reported to have replied, "I have another Image in my mind which I hope to impress."

Dr. Coit was a formalist in so far as to insist rigidly upon the reverent conformity to the observances of the church. On that first morning I was struck with the fact that every

boy kneeled during the prayers. No boy with ordinary sense could escape the impression from our school life that the chapel service was but an offering to God of the daily life. The perfection of the form, he taught, had much to do with the perfection of the offering. He had himself a strong instinct for worship, and he would constantly say to older people that the failure to worship was the failure of the day, and that if he were called to preach a "mission," he would make "worship in the church" the burden of his message. He had confidence in the efficacy of church forms, properly taught, to mould a young life. Never shall I forget a sermon preached after the death of Nicoll Ludlow. On occasions of this kind the Doctor, though almost unnaturally calm, was so affected that we were all held as if by a spell. This sermon described the boy, newborn at baptism, brought up a child of God in the Christian home, always faithful to his parents, never knowing any other life but the growth in loving obedience; and then the few words with which he turned this light upon the life of Ludlow went straight to the heart of every boy. That one sermon, exemplified by the life of that one boy,

was enough to bring every soul in that chapel to a realization of God's love for man, that He had chosen me, not I Him, that He had first loved me and had lived the life of man and died the death of man for me, and had called me from the font to live his life.

More than any other man I ever knew, Dr. Coit based his teaching upon the broad truths of the Catholic Church. One rarely ever heard a sermon from him that could have been preached by any but a priest of the church. Even his talks at funerals among the neighbors were always tinged with distinctive church teaching. For this, some called him narrow, which did not much disturb him, for he knew the real breadth of the position, and by nature he loved the *narrow way*, because it was the *straight*.

Particular sermons are not easy to recall at this date, though the impression of each at the time was clear and distinct; during my school days I found it easy each week to comply with my mother's request to send her a short abstract of the Doctor's sermon. Striking analogies were not frequent, and the arrangement was not such as fastened in one's memory; teaching was the point always most pro-

nounced, given in delightful English, with such aptness and beauty of Biblical illustration and keen insight into human motives that we always listened. In fact, if a boy did not listen he would be quietly chided on some suitable opportunity, or, at the time, his attention would be aroused with, "My dear, I am saying this for you," or, "Do lay this to heart," as his eye rested kindly here and there. Sometimes the Doctor would stop and wait for a dreamer till the boy was roused by finding all eyes turned on him. And how familiar that gesture of the hand with the ends of the long fingers rapidly passing across the thumb as he stood with his eyes on some careless figure! Oh, those were days when the spirit had a hard time to sleep! The Doctor's gestures were few and simple, and no less remarkable than his restraint. As I sat in the choir I used to watch the hand that he often held behind him in perpetual movement as he spoke. His action in speaking, as in all that he did or said, gave one the impression of much force in reserve.

The death of Mrs. Coit affected the Doctor's preaching, and the lameness left by a broken leg about the same time had also a tendency to burden his natural buoyancy. The change

to the new chapel, occurring during this sad time, seemed almost another tax upon the old-time easiness and spring of his life and sermons. I remember in that first year of the new chapel a sermon on Easter night about "The two who walked to Emmaus and were sad." He dwelt so long upon the sadness of life without Christ, while he pictured these two on their lonely walk, that little time was left for the joy of the Resurrection and the walking with Christ. This sermon stands out in my memory, in spite of its felicitous expression, as almost morbid in its effect.

The Doctor always read his sermons to the boys; but he generally spoke without notes and from the fullness of his learning and sympathy at Communicants' Meeting, and to the congregation of neighbors assembled in later years in the old chapel. The effect of these addresses upon those who loved and honored him was very marked.

The Communicants' Meeting once a month on Saturday night was a noted occasion. The Doctor was particular that every communicant should be present though the service was not part of the school duty. There was an unusual solemnity in the hymn without the

organ, the short Bible reading, the address, and the closing prayer. The Doctor's address was absolutely free from anything approaching to oratory and general exhortation ; it was always based on some line of church teaching and spiritual need. I remember one very distinctly in which the words of the confession, "Almighty God, Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ," were used as a text. Dr. Coit had a very keen sense of the misery of sin, and he loved to dwell upon our Redemption by Our Saviour. This appreciation of the power of sin, combined with the sorrows of his later life, — the death of Dr. Shattuck and of other old friends was a great blow to him, — caused an almost settled sadness in the latter days.

It was his custom to hold a vigil service on the last night of the old year for the neighbors. These services were always in the nature of regrets for the failures of the year, but who present on that night about a month before his end can ever forget the painfulness of that address ? He had never been known in public to dwell upon the dreadfulness of death ; but on that night he depicted the last hours, the death, the funeral, and burial of mortal man in such a way as to bring home to

each the words of the Psalmist: "The fear of death is fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me; and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me." There certainly was no limitation of power, but there was a spirit of depression entirely strange to most of his hearers. In the light of after events it seemed a forecast of what was soon to follow in his own case. Within forty days we were kneeling beside that open bier before the altar of the old chapel, but with far different feelings from what he had foretold. He had spoken of the lightness with which our friends would lay us aside, our places soon filled by others; but I venture to say that some of those who renewed their vows beside that calm prostrate figure have never ceased to miss his gracious presence.

We seem to have drifted to sermons, though sermons were a small part of Dr. Coit in the chapel. The liturgy more than sermons was his unfailing delight and the medium of his teaching. No other man ever seemed to me so perfect a living voice of the Prayer Book. In regard to his reading, let me quote from a letter of Dr. Hall Harrison appearing in the "Churchman:" "As a reader of the church

service and administrator of the Sacraments, Dr. Coit could not be surpassed. His voice was clear and sweet toned and well modulated. His enunciation was distinct, his pronunciation and accent cultivated and refined, and his emphasis always correct, yet never excessive; so he furnished to one generation of students after another, through his long rectorship of nearly forty years, a perfect model and example of the good reading which befits the gentleman and scholar." His mind seemed in perfect tune with it all, and overflowed with bits of the Psalms and lines of our beautiful hymns as if they were his own. Even now, sometimes on a Monday morning, I seem to hear his voice once more, announcing in the old way the hymn,

> "Awake, my soul stretch every nerve,
> And press with vigor on,"

or

> "Direct, control, suggest this day
> All I design or do or say."

In my first year, when the Doctor still lived in the house with us, we often began with the second verse of the hymn, now number 489,

> "Happy birds that sing and fly."

One of the favorites for a dark morning was

"Christ, whose glory fills the skies,"

sometimes beginning with the second verse,

"Dark and cheerless is the morn."

Many a dull heart was aroused by the morning hymn, and under our leader no opportunity was given to sink back or fall into listless gazing; hardly was the note of the "Amen" concluded before the Psalm was announced and we heard the Doctor's voice in clear tones: "The Heavens declare the glory of God." Generally a short selection was made from the Psalms of the day, but there were special ones which we had again and again. How these Psalms seemed to speak his own mind! I still recall those far-off mornings with the snow driving without and our fingers numb with cold. With almost grim appropriateness came, "Are your minds set upon righteousness, O ye congregation?" We often had the first Psalm, "Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the council of the ungodly;" the thirty-ninth, "I said, I will take heed unto my ways, that I offend not in my tongue;" on a beautiful morning the nineteenth, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handy-work:" the fiftieth Psalm sometimes came with admirable fitness, "The God, even

the most mighty God, hath spoken and called the world from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof," as also the sixty-third, "O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee;" the ninetieth and ninety-first came with frequent regularity, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from generation to generation," and "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High," and the one hundred and thirty-ninth, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me." But I cannot call back that voice again by dwelling on these Psalms in fond memory, though its echoes are still part of our life; and with them in our ears more and more truly may we still sing, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His Holy Name!"

The love that boys developed for the Church service at St. Paul's was remarkable. I remember in my second form year sitting at table next to a boy who had been brought up to a different form of worship, and yet declared that he should hereafter always go to a service like ours. I afterwards learned of a great many such, yet I never knew of any pressure by word or deed brought to bear on any one to forsake the way of his fathers. Not

the smallest slur was cast on fellow Christians who differed in forms or doctrines. When as a man at college I sought advice on questions of so-called churchmanship, the Doctor said, after discussing various phases of it in and out of our communion, "But you will not forget, after all, that the great division is between the bad and the good."

That, however, a love for more than the *forms* of the Anglican Church grew up in the hearts of the boys, there were many substantial proofs. It is not amiss to note here that, during his rectorship of forty years, more than fifty St. Paul's men have entered the ministry of the Church, and a fact most pleasing to recall is the great number of men returning to the school to read with the Doctor, and to spend the best years of their lives working with him, some indeed actually to take root in the chapel.

The day is not far off when an adequate account of the work of the first generation at St. Paul's school may be written; but I am sure that I shall be pardoned if I recall a few typical scenes in that chapel.

It is Thanksgiving Day; many old boys are up for the day; we have all had a bracing

hour on the ice, and now at our very best we are joining in a hearty service. An alumnus is the preacher; it is his first sermon at the school and most of the boys know him for an "old boy," and note the Doctor's special interest. No one but a member of a great school can appreciate the pride of a boy at the performance of a graduate. There was no disappointment as we heard the sane and inspiring teaching from the one hundred and forty-fourth Psalm, "Blessed be the Lord my strength," ending with the words, "That our sons may grow up as the young plants; and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple; that our garners may be full and plenteous with all manner of store; that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets; that our oxen may be strong to labor; that there be no decay, no leading into captivity and no complaining in our streets. Happy are the people that are in such a case; yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God."

Dr. Coit lived to see many of his boys in the school pulpit, sometimes as chosen preachers on high occasions.

The school music was always a delight to

him; a peculiar delight indeed, when the voice of Augustus Swift to the music of his friend and schoolmate led the choir in what has become the school anthem, "Oh pray for the peace of Jerusalem." As Mr. Swift sat on the same side of the chapel as Dr. Coit, while I sat opposite, I had a fair view of them both, and I shall not forget the evident appreciation of the Doctor as Mr. Swift proceeded for the first time in the solo, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord." The composer of this, as well as of much of the music sung at the school, sat at the organ which he has played since boyhood. These two, boys and men together in that choir! What more suitable reward to their master! What more beautiful heritage to leave their school, their friends, and their country than those songs in the House of God? My dear friend and master of that choir, their sound has gone out and will still go out into all lands, wafting the Breath of Life.

Dr. Coit had the instincts of an artist. In many details he deferred to those who were better equipped; yet he was a sympathetic and moving spirit in all that was true and fine in art.

When the school had manifestly outgrown the old chapel, he said once to me, "If I had fifty thousand dollars I could easily spend it on a suitable chapel." He never asked one penny for his work at the school, but the alumni learned that he would like to have a new chapel, and they promptly started under the leadership of W. S. E. to raise one hundred and twenty-five thousand instead of fifty thousand. This building was the joy of his later years, and he entered into every detail with characteristic thoroughness. I remember going into the chapel with him to see the first window. He asked me to place a chair for him and he sat down and studied drawing and coloring with careful and critical attention. The windows were all planned under his personal direction, as indeed was much of the detail of our beautiful chapel.

But we must not leave too soon the old chapel that he so filled with memories. There, too, there was art, and somehow every line spoke of the man; indeed, he himself stood there before us as the very essence of the art of God. Do you not see him as he walked to the pulpit with his surplice grandly gathered about him? Yet the picture of this saintly

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man in the old chapel would not be complete without recalling that hour so fraught with fear, the examination in sacred studies. How simple, yet how perfect the art in the setting! the bishop fully robed, very often Dr. Shattuck, with any other dignitaries that could be obtained, some of the older masters, with Mrs. Coit and perhaps another lady, the whole school in the body of the chapel, and the Doctor himself the centre. Somehow it seemed like the last judgment. Each boy was keyed to the highest pitch, for it was either "make or break." The Doctor calmly passed the questions without hesitation or interruption; there was no prompting, no second chance; an answer from the catechism for the younger boys, the Te Deum, the Gloria in Excelsis, the Lord's Prayer in Latin, and other parts of the Liturgy for the older, each answer practically perfect, or, "Will you take it up, next?" These examinations were always opened and closed with prayer, and the effect of them can only be appreciated by one who has sat there waiting for his freedom or his doom; no doubt a splendid tonic for the whole body as well as for the individual, though for certain ones the taste was not sweet.

This examination in the chapel may stand as a striking illustration of the Doctor's methods for creating high scholarship. Here his reverence for holy things, his intolerance of slipshod doctrine, and his insistence on accurate scholarship, had their meeting place. In that trying hour the retina of the soul of many a boy has received an indelible impression.

No single school worth anything can hope to pass along every boy to his best interest; and here was a system that showed up the willful sluggard and the faint-hearted, and soon brought home the fact to himself and to his people that he was out of place in this school, while there was always the upward pull toward the very highest aims with the ever ready sympathy and help to the weak.

But where the Doctor led supremely was in prayer. Slow the spirit that never rose to those prayers in morning chapel. Do you not now hear the words, —

"O Lord God, giver of all heavenly increase, Who by Thy spirit's might dost confirm the first efforts of feeble souls; Encourage in the hearts of these Thy children every good intent, and carry them from strength to strength; cleanse their consciences, and stir their wills

gladly to serve Thee, the Living God. Leave no room in them for spiritual wickedness, no lurking place for secret sins. . . ."

"Help us this day to make one onward step, to resist some temptation, to do something in Thy service. Save us from stagnation of evil, idle habits, from the defilements of bad thoughts; from shutting our ears to the voice of conscience. . . . In Thy own good time make of this Place what it ought to be, a home for all goodness, purity, and truth, a sanctuary for Thine ancient faith and worship and a light to this and future generations."

"Look upon us and hear us, O Lord our God, and assist those endeavors to please Thee, which Thou Thyself hast granted to us; as Thou hast given the first act of will, so give the completion of the work: Grant that we may be able to finish what Thou hast given us to wish to begin. . . . Give to us who are older largeness of heart, a patient and forgiving spirit, and faithfulness and courage. Give to those who are younger steadfastness and true manliness, and a living conscience, and the will to obey it. . . . Give us all truthful lips and discerning hearts, that we may scorn whatever is low and base, and follow after such

things as are lovely in Thy sight. Make us gentle and forbearing to all around us, unselfish and humble, doing to others as we would they should do unto us . . . and help us daily as we grow in age, like our Divine Lord, to grow also in wisdom and favor with God and man."

"O Thou, Who formest the light and bringest back the morning, causing Thy sun to rise on the evil and on the good, scatter the darkness of our souls by the knowledge of Thy truth, and lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

"'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening.' Grant unto us, O Lord, for the discharge of our duty towards Thee and towards each other, a wise and patient understanding, a charitable and pure, a devout and courageous heart; a soul full of devotion to do Thee service."

"Help us now in our poor attempts to serve Thee, and teach us how to pray and what to pray for as we ought. . . . Give us the settled purpose to do thy will. . . . May there be no unclean thought or word or deed among us here. Put far away from us all lying lips and the deceitful tongue. . . . Help us to work

and do our duty, not from fear of man but to gain our heavenly prize."

"Lord Jesus, Good Shepherd, Who didst lay down Thy Life for the sheep, defend the purchase of Thy Blood. Feed the souls which are hungry and athirst without Thee. Seek for the lost, convert the wandering, bind up that which is broken. Put forth Thine Hand and touch the head of each one, that all may receive the joy of the Holy Ghost."

"Form us, we beseech Thee, after Thy Divine Image, that we may despise those things which are low and base, and follow after such things as are lovely in Thy sight. Open our eyes to see things as they are that we may love those things which are worthy to be loved. . . . Give stability to the weak and double-minded. Give principle to those who lack it . . . those of us who approach Thine Altar to receive the Bread of Everlasting Life, may we work for Thee, bear one another's burdens, rebuke vice and win others to Thy service by our life and words."

"We pray Thee to bless each member of this household. May no wrong motive, secret sin, or waning zeal in any one of us incur Thy just displeasure."

"Have mercy, Heavenly Father, on all who are hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, vouchsafe them grace to come to themselves, the will and the power to return to Thee, and the loving welcome of Thy forgiveness."

"Preserve us from the sins which do most easily beset us, and enable us this day and ever to walk worthy of our Christian calling."

As these sentences of his prayers come back to me and I look over the little notebook in which he wrote them all, he seems very near; as if his spirit was still hovering about the place he loved, and would still in these prayers lead up to the throne of Heaven the hearts of generations of boys still to come. Prayers there are for all days and all occasions of school life, every word of which seems so familiarly part of this man, that I know not where to begin or where to stop. Enough, however, of these prayers have been recalled to bring his voice to our ears and his fervent love to our memories.

Is it the last night before the Christmas holiday? Did you ever feel anywhere exactly the same kind of suppressed and holy joy that came upon you as you went into the chapel, blazing with the light from myriad candles,

and festooned with hemlock? Perhaps you had helped cut the branches from the snow-clad woods, or had eaten cookies and apples at "Greens" in the basement of the school-house in reward for serving "cash" to the big fellows who made up the long ropes of evergreen. Be that as it may, every boy sang on that night with all his soul: —

"Saviour source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;"

and many have carried all through their lives some sentence of the prayer: "We bless Thee for Thy goodness in the past; we trust Thy care and providence for the future, and we beseech Thee to extend Thy favor and protection to the days of rest which are before us. Bless the work of this school, undertaken for Thy glory and continued in Thy fear. Make it in deed and in truth a Christian school, that none who come here may go away unimproved, that none may be afraid or ashamed to be Thy faithful servants. . . . Help us to obey our parents. . . . Kindle now in the heart of each member of this household from oldest to youngest the honest purpose to do right . . . and do Thou crown our work with good success. . . . Accept our thanksgiving for all Thy

goodness to us . . . and grant that, using all Thy gifts to Thy glory, we may please Thee both in will and deed and finally by Thy mercy be everlastingly rewarded."

But it was not all joy, that going away: there came a "last night" that was indeed a "last night," when, as a "sixth," one knelt and covered one's face to hide the tears. As the Doctor prayed for the "place," for "those whom we love," for us all to "see the fruits of our labors, and own in all Thy Hand from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," the words seemed to burn into one's soul. "To Thee we commend every member of this household, that Thou wouldst bless and keep them now and evermore from all harm both to the body and to the soul. O God, the protector of all that trust in Thee, without Whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy, that Thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal that finally we lose not the things eternal. Grant this, O Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. Amen." The prayers of Dr. Coit seem to me to voice his greatness of soul in eternal accents.

More than at any other place did his great

soul shine out before the altar. He gave this service its true place as the centre of Christian worship, and to have served with him there was indeed a privilege. The spirit of the prayer of humble access and of the words of consecration recited by him is still a vivid memory of my early life. This is the place where some of us love to recall him, before that altar laid with the "fair linen cloth" that he was wont to handle, on which were worked the words with the quaint application in which he often indulged, "Amice, commoda mihi tres panes."

Was it not fitting that our master and priest should end his life work in the chapel and before the altar? And so it came to pass early one Sunday morning while he was kneeling to receive the sacrament. Most alarming to us who had never known him to be faint was the fact that he was so overcome as to be obliged to leave the chapel. Like the great Thring he was last seen by his boys going out in pain from the service of the Holy Communion; both ripe in years; but both still in the fullness of power. I love to think of these two, the one in England, the other in America, so devoted from youth till death to the rescue of the

boys' school from the old hard traditions. These men, so different in their characters, were alike in some peculiarities and in all their aims and general methods.

"No school has a right to exist that is not supplying the place of a well-ordered home to every boy," was an axiom both at Uppingham and at St. Paul's. The two leaders gave the strength of their splendid manhood, and laid down their lives, that in scholarship, manners, and morals, truth, purity, and justice should prevail, and that the individual should have his due.

What a glorious end! Work to the last! Once only did we see that form faint from its labor; and surely it is fitting that now every one who comes to the altar in our chapel shall see again that calm strength and dignity breathing out from the enduring marble figure of our priest, master, and father; a true emblem of his purity and steadfast faith.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SUNDAY EVENING HYMN

MANY will agree that a man who has done a noble work is a great man, but none have exactly the same memory or make exactly the same estimate of his greatness. As I look back over twenty years of intimate relation with Dr. Coit, more and more reverently do I cherish my own particular memory, and the less inclined I am to discuss its correctness. What may be called his faults seem to have turned out to be virtues; but all I dare trust myself to say or to write are these memories of his sayings and doings among us. For characterizations I shall quote others older and wiser.

Perhaps in no one thing is the Doctor more distinctly recalled than in our old custom of "the Sunday evening hymn."

At half-past eight the school bell rings, and straightway from every quarter the inhabitants of the colony begin to pour into the big school-room. As Sunday evening has been in later years a time of general visiting, many

boys have been out of their places; but each is soon at his desk, and lower schoolers, sixth formers, masters, and ladies find standing room as best they may, while the Doctor himself goes to the master's desk. If there is a bishop or other notable person at hand who has won our attention by his sermon in chapel, he too is "in attendance." (The Doctor was always "royalty" before his boys, and this public attention at "the evening hymn" we considered a great honor to any man.) Calmly and apparently seeing everything without looking, the Doctor stands waiting till all have risen. Then a voice, the voice that has so long given the key-note to our music, wakes an echo from every boy, as we join with full volume in those words so familiar to St. Paul's men: —

"Now the day is past and gone,
Holy God we bow to Thee!
Again as nightly shades come on,
To Thy sheltering side we flee.

"For all the ills this day hath done,
Let our bitter sorrow plead;
And keep us from the wicked one,
When ourselves we cannot heed.

"Rav'ning, he prowls Thy fold around,
In his watchful circuitings;
Father! this night may we be found
Under the shadow of Thy wings.

"O! when shall that Thy day have come!
Day ne'er sinking to the west;
That country and that holy home
Where no foe shall break our rest.

"Now to the Father and the Son
We our cheerful voice would raise,
With Holy Spirit joined in one,
And from age to age would praise."

(This hymn, I believe, had been carried from Dr. Muhlenberg's school at College Point. In the early days of St. Paul's, the boys stood about the piano in the old "front study" and sang to the Doctor's accompaniment.)

Then follows the Lord's Prayer while we are still standing. And then in a voice of which one never wearied, so perfectly did it fit the occasion and the words, follows the benediction, —

"Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you.

The Lord bless you and keep you.

The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you.

The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen."

If the day had been more than usually fatiguing, can you not distinctly recall how he would stand, and say, as a signal for beginning at the fourth verse, —

"O, when shall that Thy day have come"?

And as soon as it was all over, this Sunday strain, lifted, as it were, by the mighty shout of the hymn and the gentle words of the blessing, how we, boylike, pushed forward to say "good-night!" In a mass we stood before him, each waiting for his turn; and then the long line stretched out around the room to every master and Mrs. Coit. It will always be a marvel how at the end of his Sunday he was able to go through this ordeal, remembering each boy's first name and often with a special word: "Tom, I am so glad to hear of your little sister's improvement;" or having noticed the absence of a fellow would say to his friend, "Where is Dick to-night? Tell him that I have missed him;" or, "Now for a good week, John;" or "My dear, I should like to speak with you afterwards." But the line never stopped, and what boy who was trying to do his duty did not feel the brace of the evening closed by that loving personal appeal of voice, hand, and eye?

Thus ended our Sunday at St. Paul's, a day devoted beyond the capacity of the ordinary boy to the direct worship of God: but not more beyond than everything that the Doctor

did to raise each one above the "ordinary boy."

Too much religion? With him life was all religion; and though criticism grieved him, he paid little heed. Let me quote just here some words written by an old boy at the time of the Doctor's death: "We used to think him narrow sometimes; but I am not sure that, as we ourselves grow older, we are not coming to perceive that what we then esteemed 'narrowness' was ultimate truth of insight. It is not given to many men to be thoroughly religious from the outset to the end of their lives. The heart of most men roams restlessly for a long time before it rests at last in God. But Dr. Coit was religious always. There was no humbug about him. That is why he had such power over us, in spite of ourselves. From the class-room and playground to the Thursday evening talks and the daily chapel, that is the sort of man he was, the religious man. Here, in very truth, was a man 'alive unto God.' It seemed as if he never opened a book, nor touched a topic, nor met a boy or man, without having 'God in all his thoughts.' And somehow he never bored us. Other men bored us boys with their religiousness, but

'the Doctor' never did. Rather, it appeared as if he had merely gotten on ahead of us, and very likely we should try to catch up with him by and by. The pathos, the beauty, the risks, the awfulness and the joy, the prospects and the power of the sincere religious life of the human soul, they have been realized in our lifetime by this man whom we have known, whom we have called our master."

The late Dr. Hall Harrison, long associated with Dr. Coit, has written: "The true secret of his great influence is, undoubtedly, to be found in the depth of his religious convictions, in the spirituality and unworldliness of his nature. He lived close to the cross of his Redeemer; his Greek Testament was his daily study, and his knowledge of it was profound. His daily self-examination was strict; his faith in the efficacy of prayer was unshakable. All these things tell on a man's character and give him a source of power hidden from the observation of ordinary men, who are impressed without knowing how or why."

The words from an old boy's pen, followed by those of a life-long friend and assistant-master, suggest what a fellow priest, Dr. Roberts of Concord, has written: "There is but

one name in the world ever set beside his in the roll of famous educators, that of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. But Dr. Coit, the humble and devoted follower of the Christ, the faithful priest, the self-sacrificing pastor, the moving preacher, the man with a genius for holiness, cannot be known in the same way. The world of wealth and fashion, feeling instinctively the greatness and worth of the man, would range itself beside him, be glad of the light of his presence and the force of his personality, but could never penetrate the reserve behind which was veiled the devout disciple of the lowly Redeemer, the man of God, nor know the deep spiritual sources of that singular power which impressed itself upon the young and developing manhood intrusted to his fostering care.

"His deep and ardent enthusiasm for the truth, for the right, and for the highest and best things of the earth which have the glow of heaven in them, did not expend itself in outward or idle demonstration, and so men might have thought him cold; but it burned in his heart with a mighty intensity, and the fervor of it, and the potency of it, entered into all his work and made it great."

This was the kind of a man who could get together into a school-room three hundred boys and more at the end of every Sunday for such a function as the "evening hymn."

Among others Mrs. Coit was always there, and no testimony could be too strong to the influence which she had directly and indirectly in the school. The boys of the very early days, who knew her well and saw her constantly among them, would rise up, one and all, and call her blessed. To all the graces of a cultivated Christian woman was added a fund of common sense and business capacity which for many years, no doubt, was a great factor in the development of the school. My first year was the last spent by the Doctor's family in the old school building, but I well recollect our evenings with Mrs. Coit then, and afterwards the constant gatherings at the rectory. But the early years had overtaxed her strength, and she was obliged more and more to withdraw from her active place in the school; yet, till almost the very last, the Sunday evening hymn saw her in the accustomed stall beneath the clock.

The last time that she joined any of us in this

hymn was at her home near Newport. Five or six of the older boys were off on a summer cruise, and we had run into Newport harbor for Sunday. We knew that the Doctor's home was somewhere on the east side of the island, so in the afternoon we started to the eastward on foot. We explored the country as we went along, discarding the use of roads, so that when at last the house was pointed out to us on a distant hill we found swamps and thickets in the way. Nevertheless, boy-like, we kept straight on, to arrive in anything but regulation Sunday order. There was not a soul to be seen about, so we started to find the church. Nestled in the valley about two hundred yards from the sea we came upon a little stone church. The roadside was lined with carriages, so we knew that all must be here. As we came near we heard the Doctor's voice, and we made bold to enter; but once in we repented, for not a seat could we see, and the sermon was in progress. However, places were somehow found and we shamefacedly settled down. The Doctor's reputation, we were proud to conclude, had gathered all these gay people so far from the town. There was, moreover, a fair sprinkling of country people, among

whom, as I afterwards learned, he and Mrs. Coit were much beloved.[1]

The Doctor greeted us most warmly and took us all home to supper. In the evening he sat at the piano, and played the "evening hymn," while we sang. There was something about the connection of the Doctor with that hymn that has fastened itself in a peculiar way upon the memory. On another cruise, when some of the same crowd were together, we spent a Sunday in the Horse-Shoe behind Sandy Hook. As we sat and talked in the moonlight, we were back at school once more; and it seemed perfectly natural when some one said before going below to turn in, "Let's have the evening hymn." So under the stars, with the twin lights of Navesink soberly watching us, we sang the whole hymn with more heart than music.

There were two other special channels through which the religion of this man was imparted to his boys, namely the Missionary

[1] It was one of the pleasures of his vacation to visit about among the farmers. In a letter written from Newport, August 28, 1886, he says: "I have been in charge of the mission chapel near us during July and August, and this is to be consecrated on Tuesday. I have been much interested in my neighbors, and I trust that they may have a faithful and efficient clergyman."

Society and the Orphans' Home, both of which deserve more than a passing notice.

The Missionary Society was composed of a limited number from the two upper forms. These boys had the power of electing their own officers as well as new members. But it was a sort of *congé d'elire* delivered by the Doctor which sometimes produced heart-burnings and misunderstandings; for this society had a prestige which made membership the coveted goal of all the older boys. Some of the articles of the constitution are worth quoting, as they evidently bear the mark of the Doctor's hand.

There shall be a Missionary Society at St. Paul's School from date (Jan. 1st, 1860); said society to be composed of such members as shall have been duly elected . . .

IV

It shall be the object of the Society and of its members individually to do all in their power actively by word and deed, to extend to others of their fellow beings the same blessings of the church and of the Gospel which they themselves enjoy: to obtain and communicate information in regard to the great Missions of the Church of England and of our own church, and thus to seek out and obtain that blessing in the Psalm, "They shall prosper that love Thee."

The president was an autocrat, appointing committees and assigning work, with the power to fine delinquents. The meetings were instructed by readings from appointed members, and were enlivened by elections and motions of all descriptions. Money was collected from fines and dues as well as from sales of pie and other delicacies. In fact, almost the whole range of schoolboy finance to these enterprising missionaries was an open field. The minutes abound with situations of interest and excitement: zeal often outran wisdom and sometimes fair dealing, but the whole effect was a stirring of interest throughout the school and a great blessing and increase of wisdom to many individuals. The master with his burning zeal was always felt behind, in spite of the apparent freedom given to individual caprice.

The Orphans' Home was another practical link between the soul of this man and the school at large. We would frequently see him going there, and we knew by many outward signs how close to his heart and to that of Mrs. Coit were the little homeless children.

On a hill overlooking the school the home was ever an object lesson, while the little

tramp and shuffle into chapel on Sunday of the mixed company in all kinds of clothes never ceased to be more than interesting. Indeed, this work of love was always in evidence. On Sunday night, for instance, while one was deep in a letter home, suddenly a voice in front, "a penny for the orphans," and the bright, eager face of Fr-tz G-rr-tts-n or N-d T-bb-ts would be peering over the little charity box. (These pennies in a few years built a substantial fence about the whole nine-acre lot assigned to the home.) Then, the Thursday after Thanksgiving was proclaimed a half holiday, on which the whole school in detachments visited the home. Each form carried up on a sled its offerings of groceries, etc., and then proceeded to inspect the building and devour a substantial meal. These occasions were great fun. Once I happened to be on the committee of purchase for my form. We bought a huge pig, the carcase of which we graced with many adornments, and paraded to the door with great pomp. The form going down the hill used to rush the form coming up; and that custom was very dear to the quondam lover of orphans. I remember that our whole sixth, being far inferior in numbers

to the fifth, was carried bodily back and placed one by one on the roadside by the Doctor's front gate. I am afraid that this episode, together with the amount of food consumed at the home, impelled the Doctor to substitute committees for the whole forms.

What with the Orphans' Home, the Doctor's interest in the neighbors, the Missionary Society, and the frequent sermons from missionaries, there was little fear of our learning to live for ourselves. I remember after a sermon from Bishop Morris, in which he incidentally described the huge apples on the Oregon farms, that I wrote home to say that I could hardly wait to offer myself as a missionary. Some will recall the breathless interest with which we listened to tales of Indians in Manitoba or of "busting bronchos" on the Western prairies. Such men as Bishop Whipple and Bishop Morris, both of whom had sons at the school, were, however, more than interesting. They are all part of that old life at St. Paul's, and are indelibly engraven in our memories as filling out for us the work of our great master.

CHAPTER IX

LAST MEMORIES

ALL these "school traditions," as the Doctor called them, would have meant little without the man. "Alumnus," writing in the "Boston Transcript" a few days after Dr. Coit's death, says: "We are accustomed to accept without reserve the statement that the formation of character should be the chief end of all education, but it is seldom that we apply this test in estimating the value of the work of an individual teacher. It is by this test, however, that the life just ended at St. Paul's school must find its true measure; and judged by this standard the name of Henry A. Coit will be remembered as one of the great educators of our time, long after distinctions based on mere methods of instruction and discipline have lost the importance now attributed to them. There are scholars still remaining to whom the classics are something more than the means of pursuing philological research, there are other preachers of equal eloquence

and earnestness, and there are men who can follow the onward moving thought of the times with better success than he, who found in the past so much to reverence and love. There will, however, be found no leader with equal power to make the idea of obedience to his Master seem no mere religious platitude, but the actual motive and inspiration for the every-day life of a whole working community.

"St. Paul's school drew its pupils from all parts of the Union; its alumni are scattered over a still wider field. Wherever the news of Dr. Coit's death shall reach one of these men, it will bring sorrow that seldom comes save at the loss of a parent. Each man will feel the loss of one to whom he, as a boy, was no mere object for routine instruction, but a living soul to be loved and saved, of one to whom he could send back no good news without giving pleasure and no ill news without giving pain.

"The great school that he built may seem to the world the chief evidence of his ability, but to these old boys the stamp of his character, set on their lives and enduring unchanged amid the passing influences of later years, will

be the great proof of his worth as servant of God and leader of men."

Though the Doctor shrank from all parade and publicity, the sharp eyes and impressionable memories of boyhood bring back clearly to us the simplicity of his own life. His home and his school also were modeled on this severe simplicity. Marion Crawford, on a visit to St. Paul's some years ago, said in a little speech to the boys that he had felt all through his life the benefit of his early training at St. Paul's in simple living. While the Doctor encouraged the display of individual good taste in arranging rooms and alcoves, and while he listened with pleasure to a paper read before the boys by a master and alumnus on "Household Art," his own habits were so far removed from luxury in any form as to shame fashions that tended to personal comfort or ease. When one considers how the school grew about his own household while Mrs. Coit kept the accounts, it seems possible to understand how, when the number of boys had reached three hundred and thirty, the curator was still haled to the Doctor's study for a daily accounting, how those employed on the farm and in the houses had still a place in his care. So strict

was the economy that there never was a room, not even a closet, in house, shed, or stable, that was not strained to its utmost capacity — no extra space to heat or clean. Certainly we were cramped for room and overflowed into every conceivable sort of a place, but there was a plain lesson there, as well as a very practical advantage for discipline, in having no large halls or stairways which boys could turn into playgrounds.

One day I heard him speak of the hardships which he gladly endured for the cause, and, referring to a speech of the elder Bishop Doane, in which the bishop had welcomed all sacrifices, persecutions, and even debt for the cause of education, the Doctor said, "Yes, welcome all but debt." Yet when it came to the point, and he felt the work strong enough to guarantee it, he was not afraid of debt. In the summer of '77 the whole building in which the body of the boys lived was destroyed by fire from lightning. For various causes, the insurance was small, and entirely inadequate to rebuild; and besides, the school was to open in a few weeks and there was no place in which to house the boys. I, for one, immediately wrote to the Doctor offering to raise

money at once. He acknowledged the letter with thanks but gave me no encouragement to beg for the school. I know of no instance in which the Doctor was ever a party in asking gifts for his work. But when the boys returned they found excellent accommodations; the gymnasium was fitted with alcoves, and the old bowling alley served as a dining-room, while there was in progress a new building on another site. At the time of his death there was still a small debt on this building as well as a larger debt on the new lower school. But for this others interested themselves; and large sums of money have been given of later years by warm friends and alumni.

The material prosperity of the school did not change his own habits of severe simplicity. As Mrs. Coit's health became feeble her brothers and sisters provided her with many comforts, which naturally changed somewhat the life at the rectory; but the Doctor kept to his old democrat wagon and single horse till old age demanded that they both be put on the retired list. A faithful cob and a second-hand buggy bought at a country auction took their place in the rectory stable. While he denied himself in every way, he was profuse in

his expenditure for others; he seemed not to consider cost when the pleasure of his family or friends was concerned, provided that there was no "show." He was almost morbidly afraid of show as of all publicity, probably because he had a secret love for handsome things and handsome ways to which he would give no heed. Whatever seemed an indulgence to self was rigidly put away; his food was simple and spare to the extreme; it almost seemed at times as if he were injuring his health by his abstinence. The same may be said of his habit of sleep; his light was the last to go out, and yet he was always up and at work before the household was astir. Between five and six we would hear the Doctor about in his little dressing-room. The early morning was a favorite time for letter writing; five or six letters went regularly from his study before breakfast; they rarely covered more than one or two pages of concise and beautifully written matter.

But this was not the only employment of the early morning hour; from an intimate acquaintance in later life, I know that he gave much of this time to devotional reading, prayer, and meditation. After the breaking

of his leg he was dependent on massage for exercise; and while that was going on in the evening, again he would read and meditate; his "little books" of devotion were always at hand. In one of these I find marked several passages which speak his own mind on prayer: "Prayer, therefore, though it is not the *cause* to us of God's goodness, is the *way*." "The secret of successful prayer is to *persevere* in praying, and to believe that we receive that for which we pray. . . . A divided heart cannot obtain its broken prayer. 'Blessed are they who seek Him with their whole heart.'" "He who deserts his opportunities for prayer will soon find out that the opportunities have deserted him." "Wisdom is the application of truth to the practice of love." In this same book is a manuscript prayer of his own, most beautiful and touching in its humility, but too sacred for the public eye. I give simply the opening words: "O Lord, and all seeing and almighty God, who knowest all things concerning me, both those things which escape the eyes of men, and those which escape even my own knowledge, have mercy upon me in my great need, and help and pardon. Make me truly penitent for

all the wretched past and save me from despair and surrender of my hope."

In these last years he grew more and more away from the present in his love for the old saints and his longing to be with the new. One who had known him from early manhood wrote at the time of his death: "It has seemed to me that he never recovered from the terrible shock he sustained by the death of his beloved wife. Their union was a peculiarly happy one, she being all that a husband could possibly desire. Intimate as I had been with both, he could never after years of bereavement trust himself to speak of her. He took up patiently the heavy cross; seemed willing to abide God's will and work on for Christ and the church; but since her decease he has impressed me as one 'whose staff was broken,' ready and anxious to depart."

The following letter in reply to a lady who had written her sympathy on this occasion is an example of many such written in his own clear and beautiful hand: —

My dear Mrs. ——, — I wish to thank you for your sweet and kind letter. I cannot say much. My loss does not admit of any mea-

sure in human speech. My one safety and resource is to be still, and fix my heart and mind upon these hopes which spring from our Lord's open sepulchre, and follow Him where He has gone before.

May I count upon your prayers as I go back to take up the burden of life again.

And with love to you and your family, believe me always gratefully and sincerely yours,

HENRY A. COIT.

NEWPORT, 6 Sept., 1888.

How vividly this brings back that sad time so pervaded with his own calm resignation! Again I hear him in the family prayer commending their "dear one" to a merciful Father and loving Saviour.

Mrs. Coit used to guard the half hour after dinner as a time of rest for the Doctor. But after her death this custom was gradually given up, and, I believe, to the hastening of his own death. Pure force of will drove him to the extremity of his powers; no wonder that when the final struggle came the physicians announced that his whole system was starved and overdone.

When he was assisted from the chapel in a fainting condition on that early Sunday morning, he refused to be treated as a sick man; he returned to his study on one of the following days, but only to go back to bed with fever and other alarming symptoms. Again he rallied and dressed, and I went to see him in his room. He was sitting straight up and reading, with no support for back or arms, bright but wan. He was evidently under a strain as he spoke of the school and his hopes, and I felt a great awe upon me as I realized the fight that he was making. That was his last word to me. I did not see him again till that terrible night when he lay unconscious, groaning out his every breath. After the boys had gone to bed, I went to the rectory, and found on the steps Mr. Hargate, who had always loved him and looked to him as a father. He said shortly, "Only a few hours;" and we two stood there on that bitter night while fearful death knocked at our own hearts and froze our hot tears with his cold breath. It was blank desolation that settled upon the hearts of all his own men. As Stanley speaks of the death of Arnold at Rugby, so we felt "the blank more awful than sorrow." We,

too, had the "feeling as if the very place had passed away with him who had so emphatically been in every sense its head."

The news was received among the alumni throughout the country with a feeling akin to incredulity. It seemed out of the order of things; Dr. Coit and St. Paul's School were parts of the same thing, and we had grown to feel somehow that things in general would stop if anything happened to the Doctor. His wonderful vitality had always risen above every evil. And here and there all over the land were men holding on to him as if they were still boys. The steady flow of his letters to those in trouble or distress was now to stop. A good-sized volume could be filled with such outpourings of his sympathy. Many must be still extant, and should come to light with the publication of his diaries. One will be enough to show the delicacy and fullness of his sympathy.

It is worthy of note that the Mr. Parker to whose widow the following letter was written was one of the original trustees of St. Paul's School. His son, Edward Melville Parker, is now Coadjutor Bishop of New Hampshire.

St. Paul's School, Oct. 26, 1863.

My dear Mrs. Parker, — I cannot refrain from expressing to you my very deep and affectionate sympathy with you and yours in your very great and irreparable loss. I loved and esteemed Mr. Parker very sincerely; and no one since I came to New England has been a kinder, more considerate, and encouraging friend than he. The world will never know the real worth of such a man as he was. I do believe that "every pulse beat *true* to airs divine." He was so eminently faithful to his convictions and so regardless of what the world covets and seeks after. When he was here, — it seems but a day since, — just before our school year began, he seemed particularly kind.

We had a long talk together about the future prospects of St. Paul's, about the church here and her relations to the state in these civil troubles, about an article of his own which I see printed in my last "Guardian," with occasional allusions to other and lighter subjects, *e. g.*, the autumn leaves that day in their full beauty. He spoke quite warmly about the true theory in regard to their colors, that they were ripe, not dead or dying,

and it has occurred to me since that although we call his departure from us death, and untimely, yet really he was taken because God rejoiced in him and saw he was ripe for the Heavenly Garner.

Do not be too sorrowful, my dear friend. He is *not lost, but gone before.*

He will be no more grieved or pained by earthly sins and the unworthiness of men. He is housed where no rude storms shall trouble him. God help us to love truth and duty and all holiness as he did, and bring us in His time to the same rest and harbor of the soul.

Please accept Mrs. Coit's and my own warm love and sympathy. We shall love to have you visit the school for his own sake as well as ours.

The Lord bless your little children, and may His unfailing promise sustain the fatherless and the widow!

I am most faithfully and truly yours,

HENRY A. COIT.

In October, 1880, Mr. Nathaniel White, a leading citizen of Concord and a warm personal friend of Dr. Coit, died very suddenly at his farm not far from the school. Mrs. White was

greatly touched by the tactful sympathy of the Doctor at the time and wrote shortly after: "Dr. Coit's kind regard and loving tribute for the dead, and sympathetic and tender service for the living, will ever be remembered as a sweet fragrance in those first hours of my sudden and overwhelming grief." She requested that he write for her the words which he spoke at the farm in the presence of the family, the household, the farm workmen, and neighbors. In compliance the Doctor wrote the following letter: —

My dear Mrs. White, — I wish I could recall the words which sprang from my heart to my lips, when I had the little service at your farmhouse, and your good husband was lying cold and still in an adjoining room. I was most thankful to you for giving me the opportunity of saying what I felt about his life, and character, and example, — though it was only what I had felt, and often said, while he was still living with us, and we had the comfort and blessing of his friendship. The words I used have passed from memory, but the thought remains which was uppermost in my mind then, viz., that Mr. White exemplified

St. James's definition of pure religion: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." He was certainly the friend of the friendless. I was first won to respect and love him by learning from my own experience the largeness of his sympathy and the tenderness of his heart. As time went on, we had a sort of mutual understanding in regard to cases demanding help; and his assistance was never withheld and never stinted. No oppression or sorrow under which human nature suffers failed to call out his interests and compassion. If

> "To comfort and to bless,
> To find a balm for woe,
> To tend the lone and fatherless,
> Is angels' work below,"

he was always doing angels' work. He was every one's friend, — not in the sense of an ordinary popularity, such as may often be acquired by easy social manners without sacrifice of self, but because all knew his unselfish kindness; and that the greater their need the readier he was to help them. So much for the first note of pure religion. For the second,

those who knew him best, and read his daily life and conversation as one reads an open book, can best bear witness to his unstained integrity, and that he *did*, in a very high and unusual degree, keep himself "unspotted from the world." Not that he withdrew from large and general intercourse with his fellow-men, but that in the world, in the thick of business and occupation, he was free from engrossing cares and covetous desires — was blameless in word and deed — and had a heart "at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." In summing up such a life, how instinctively one recurs to the familiar words of Scripture, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." How exquisitely appropriate are these words to Mr. White; — and, again, how expressive and applicable to him are the verses from the Psalm, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous. A good man sheweth favor, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely he shall not be moved forever; *the righteous shall be had in everlasting remem-*

brance." It is as if the words had been written of him. Surely for such a man there is no darkness in the grave. The example he has left behind him, to his family and friends and fellow-citizens, is like a bright light shining amidst the darkness and disappointments of our earthly pilgrimage. In that mysterious life into which he has entered "there is no night" for him, for the "path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." If we who knew him here shall always cherish his memory, and his name will live among us, surely "The Lord is mindful of his own; He remembereth his children." It must be our consolation to know that, while our friend's place can never be made good here, in a better, happier world he has a work to fulfill, where those

> "Who seem to die in earth's rude strife,
> Only win double life:
> They have but left our weary ways,
> To live in memory here, in heaven by love and praise."

Forgive me, my dear Mrs. White, for this most imperfect and inadequate tribute, and believe me always

Truly and faithfully yours,

HENRY A. COIT.

It may not be out of place to print here a few letters to his old boys. He had followed hundreds all through their lives, entering into every detail with remarkable freshness and interest. He said to one who was visiting at the rectory, "Not a day passes that I do not write to an old boy; but you must not expect letters, there are so many who need them more." Let it be noted that all these letters were very rapidly written.

To a boy at college: —

S. Paul's School, 3 April, 1888.

My dear ——, — I will write you a line on our anniversary to thank you for your pleasant Easter letter, and for your love and good wishes. I have been forced to keep my Easter indoors, not even able to have the Blessed Sacrament. But one may trust that under any circumstances the true Easter brightness will be ours, if we really seek it. "It is not night if Thou be near." I wish our fellows would go to —— (college). Athletics and fashion of this world carry them off to —— and —— to —— and false teachings, and to severer temptations. There are temptations everywhere, but there is a Divine

strength in the church's prayers and Sacraments.

I think the boys have never had a pleasanter Easter. The day was beautiful, the flowers were lovely, and there were many visitors. And they tell me the Gymnasium Exhibition was the best yet.

Will you give my love to all the fellows. Mrs. Coit would send hers if she knew I was writing to you. . . .

And I am always, dear ——,

Your faithful friend,

HENRY A. COIT.

Extract from a letter to an old boy contemplating mission work in the West: —

"I want you here very much next year. It will be a whiff of new atmosphere enough to be here to help and to have responsibility. I am getting old, and *the night cometh* and only a few can really enter into work like this. I will promise $ —— the first year, and love and trust, which are worth more than money. But we are without endowment, and the school needs much, and it is the best mission field, — and I hope you will come. . . . You shall be as independent in many ways as if you were out

on a Western prairie. I do not see how the West can be converted if the East is not. I write in a great hurry with much love. . . . We must not scatter our forces in this day and generation."

A letter to one on finishing college: —

My dear ——, — You are quite right in staying at home and with your father. I felt anxious about you, and wrote with the old impulse of taking care of you. . . . I am very happy in your college record, but you must not overdo. Take regular exercise, and enough sleep, and wholesome food.

The boys' progress in Canada (the school-team was on a cricket tour) is very satisfactory. I hope they will one day demonstrate that one can be a good athlete, and a thorough gentleman, a faithful and successful student, and a true unswerving Christian all in one.

My love to your father and family.

Always your faithful friend,

Henry A. Coit.

In another letter to a college boy he writes: "I trust much to you to keep up the true

St. Paul's spirit among the S. P. S. boys at ——. The loyalty that disdains to complain and criticise, the honorable sense of duty that asks not if some one's eye is upon us, *i. e.*, some earthly eye, these are more than ever needed everywhere."

Extract from a letter to one looking forward to Holy Orders and using his vacation in tutoring : —

"I am glad you are with that little fellow. You must try in every way you can wisely, to make him love good and seek it, which simply means, loving and fearing God. We do not trust enough in Divine Grace. It is a *Power*. We can do and undo all things by it. We must trust it for others older and younger for whom we are interested. The real good *must* come from God, the Holy Spirit. It is not of or from *us*.

"The books you mention are Milman's "Love of the Atonement" and "Wilberforce on the Incarnation." If you read and master these four books with your Bible at your side, you will be no indifferent theologian. Mason's book is the only one of the four which needs here and there a little supplementing or qualification. But you cannot read such books

hastily. Liddon alone will take you all summer.

"As to the other question. If a man has given his whole heart to the Lord and His work, and has self-mastery, so as not to be pestered all the time by temptations of the flesh, he might wait awhile before thinking of marriage. The church needs a far larger number of unmarried clergy, men who can go anywhere, and will not require more than a bare maintenance. Of course Kingsley's views belong to himself. He was no Catholic and no theologian, and is no authority, although he had so much that was manly and true in him that he was far nearer Divine truth and more loyal to it than most of his school. Of course celibacy *is* the higher state, as our Lord and St. Paul distinctly affirm. And in any case, married or unmarried, nothing is more loathsome than an amorous or effeminate priest. We are all to be on our guard, from youngest to oldest, against occasions. We want to have pure and heaven-encompassed thoughts, and here we can trust implicity to grace.

'Lava quod est sordidum
Riga quod est aridum
Sana quod est Saucium.'"

A letter to an alumnus studying for Holy Orders : —

St. Paul's School, 7 Nov., 1884.

My dear ——, — Thank you very much for sending me your paper. I was very greatly pleased with it, and will, with your permission, keep it a little longer that several here may have the pleasure of reading it. I agree with you entirely about the needlessness of ultra ritualism. My faith is in the attractive power of the cross, and *that* must be the real drawing, whatever instrumentalities are used to win people at the outset. The sacramental system held and preached with evangelic earnestness, and never losing sight of the need of a personal faith and a personal experience on the part of the individual, being God's way of salvation, His gospel to all men in Jesus Christ *will* "constrain" men. Only, a bright and beautiful service should always be aimed at, and that can be attained on the Prayer Book lines, and without danger of leading people by making a mere spectacle.

I am most deeply interested in all you say of your studies, and of what concerns yourself. May God bless you to win many souls to his service!

My love to ——. You will be very welcome for Thanksgiving or any other time. Always, my dear,

Your faithful friend,

HENRY A. COIT.

In writing to a man whom he wanted to return to St. Paul's to teach, he says: "You know I am growing old and worn, and I cannot count on years, and if you are going to help *me* you must come now. And I personally want you." It was very characteristic of him to make these personal appeals. Though he shrunk from every kind of publicity, wherever he was and whenever he wrote his presence was always pronounced. I remember in writing to an old boy to ask the favor of his delivering an address before the Library Association, he said, "I wish you to consider that I am bestowing an honor by the request."

A letter to a young married man in answer to an invitation: —

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, Jan. 10, 1891.

MY DEAR ——, — I have your very sweet and valued note and invitation, and wish I could accept it, but I shall not visit New

York this year. I am very busy, and must husband my powers of body and mind during the few years left me, that nothing be lost. Too much is lost out of one's life at best, owing to human weakness and error.

But I should go to you with as much pleasure as to any friend I have, and some day it may be that I may have the gratification of spending a night under your roof.

And with kind remembrance to Mrs. —— and a blessing for the children, believe me always affectionately and faithfully yours,

HENRY A. COIT.

In answering a request for advice on undertaking a new and responsible work, he writes to another "old boy:" —

"I most earnestly advise you to accept the work which is offered you, in the fullest confidence that you are the man for it, and that you will, with God's blessing, make it a success in the true sense of the word, as advancing His glory and strengthening and enlarging His Kingdom among men."

To an alumnus elected head of a school, he writes: —

"I am heartily glad of your election. There

is nothing to do but to put your trust in God, accept it loyally as His work, and go forward. The difficulties you mention will solve themselves. Each day will bring and clear off its own work. . . . You may count on any help I can give you, and surely always upon sympathy and warm interest."

In another letter to the same, he deplores the necessity for raising the price of tuition, in these words: "As to the change in price, that goes to defeat our object. . . . I have the 'Christian Brothers' in my mind. Why should Rome be able to inspire men with enthusiasm for such work, who by their love and zeal and self-denial *make* success? . . . I am afraid my wishes in the matter are defeated." But the last letter to this man on this subject is worth more than anything save the final, "Well done." It contains these words: "It is a sort of triumph won by patience and fidelity over a series of wearying vexatious obstacles for no one of which you were responsible. I am not surprised. It is just what I expected. I predict success for you, and that of the right kind. Honest loving work for our Lord in His church, without thought of self, will surely have His Blessing."

In the Doctor's copy of "The Christian Brothers," I find these words marked: "If you ask (the Christian Brother) whence he has derived this feeling, at once so grave and so sweet (towards the little ones who must perpetually try his patience), he will tell you that he has heard in the secret depths of his heart the voice of his own Master, saying: 'These children are dear to Me; be a father, and more than a father to them. Watch over them tenderly, be just and kind. If thy heart is not large enough to embrace them, I will enlarge it after the pattern of My own: if these young creatures are docile and obedient, bless Me for it: if they are froward, call upon Me for help: if they weary thee, I will be thy Consolation: if thou sink under the burden, I will be thy Reward."

We have a surer mark than that of his fine pencil-point on the margin of a book to show that these words were taken to himself, namely the impress of his strong but delicate touch upon the hearts and lives of us men who have been his children.

When the end came, letters and telegrams poured in from all parts of the world to testify to the loss. After these eleven years, his oldest

living friend writes to me, "A more devoted, godly man never lived. It was an inspiration to be near him . . . a patent of nobility to be called his friend."

It would go far beyond the scope of this book to do more than to touch upon the public and private manifestations of feeling that were called forth by the Doctor's death. For us lovers of the man and his work, no more fit conclusion can be drawn than that of the Rev. George William Douglas, D. D., in the "Evening Post" of February 10, 1895: "It rests with us to follow or to repudiate the 'secret of Jesus' for which he lived and died. This, I think, is the final impression which every St. Paul's boy, whether of the older time or to-day, has derived from intercourse with that great schoolmaster whose earthly remains were laid to rest last Friday, in the pure Hampshire snows."

At the memorial service in Calvary Church, New York, it was estimated that at least five hundred men were present. The old hymns were sung with old-time heartiness; the service was such a spontaneous and overwhelming testimony to the man, that a lady in the throng was heard to say: "I was in doubt where to

send my boys; now I have not a shadow of a doubt." Bishop Potter preached on the text, "And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain," striking most felicitously a well-known keynote in the Doctor's character, which had its echo in every heart in the church. The bishop again alluded to this exalted aloofness in an address before the boys at the following school anniversary; speaking among other things of his home near Newport as the "house on the hill." I was then reminded of his love for a solitary rock high up on the edge of the cliff, where he was wont to sit and meditate. As we sailed the waters below, we often saw his figure there in silhouette against the sky.

To quote again from Dr. Douglas: "If any man in America deserved a public funeral, it was the late rector of St. Paul's School. And yet I cannot but feel that there was something singularly appropriate in the privacy and loneliness with which, from sheer stress of weather, so far as friends from a distance were concerned, his remains were laid to rest. . . . As my mind goes back to the old days when I was a schoolboy there, it seems, I say, quite in keeping with the character of our dear dead master, that his burial should be thus apart

and lonely, hidden by the snow. For was there ever a great man who more instinctively shrank from publicity than Dr. Coit? Never, from start to finish, was it he that put himself forward; it was his work that thrust him into prominence. Never once, in any way, did he advertise the school or himself. Nay, he recoiled from everything that savored of notoriety with the simple delicacy of a girl. He hated to show himself in strange places, to speak or write in them. The only place where he was thoroughly himself was at his own school, among his own boys; there he was at home. It was his boys and undermasters, as far and wide they scattered to their homes, that advertised him; as St. Paul said of his disciples, 'Ye are my epistle.'"

With a burning zeal for the church all over the land, and especially in New Hampshire, though always a delegate to the general convention, and chairman of the committee on church education, and the leading presbyter of his diocese, he rarely spoke or wrote before the public, and then but shortly. At the general convention, while the report of his committee was being discussed, he sat a listener; when asked why he did not speak he said:

"Oh, anybody can talk about education." However, he was once fairly forced into the position of a speaker. When the general convention met at Chicago, a large delegation made a visit to Racine College. His fellow clergy persuaded him that it was his duty to respond on their behalf to the welcome of the Warden, the Rev. Dr. Gray. This speech, made after dinner, was a model of graceful thanks for, and appreciation of their welcome at the college. He added a few general remarks, among which were noted the following in a report taken at the time: "And I might be permitted, as one very deeply interested in this particular work, to say that my own experience is, that if we go along humbly and faithfully, simply depending upon those agencies which we have in hand, and doing our duty, the value of this great work will assert itself, because it is the very best work, and the only true way in which education can really be conveyed to man, I don't mean to their hearts and characters only, but even to their intellects. I think no greater mistake can be made than the effort to divorce the education of the mind from the education of the heart and character [applause]. I believe

with all my heart that we should be brought back more and more in this country to the spirit expressed in the motto of the great University of Oxford, 'Dominus mea Illuminatio,' not only for the sake of character which stands first, but also for the intellect, so that when men attack us — we shall be attacked no doubt before our work is over — and say that we are in danger of substituting religion for brains, it will be found by and by that both brains and heart have had a fair share of education end instruction; and I am absolutely certain that when religion and brains are divorced, the brains will suffer, and the intellectual education itself will go for very little indeed."

Not only the school and its alumni missed his great personality, but the diocese of New Hampshire at once felt the loss of his unfailing interest and material help. The school funds were absolutely at his disposal, and while he made it evident by his liberality in the name of the school to all Christian work that we stood as members of the great family of God, his benefactions to the diocese were marked with a sense of our duty to the church and to the bishop. It was at his instigation and through his untiring faith that the bishop

was enabled to establish Holderness School for boys, and St. Mary's for girls. He never rested till he saw far on its way the raising of a fund for the permanent support of the Episcopate in the diocese of New Hampshire. And I well remember how he stood up in convention, and in a few words threw a cold blanket upon a very flowery report of the treasurer of this fund; he sounded a warning note as to the unwisdom of investments far from home and drawing high rates. His warning was not heeded or came too late; but undaunted he rose above the apparent loss of a great part of this fund with plans for its renewal.

The Rev. Dr. Roberts of Concord well sums up his position in the diocese with these words: "As president of the standing committee of the diocese, the constitutional counselor of the bishop, his wisdom, the firmness of his convictions and the breadth of his thought, made him a tower of strength." As to his position in theology let me quote his words said in conversation with two of the clergy. He was speaking of his great love and admiration for St. Augustine, "but," he added, "write me down with Andrews and Hooker."

In my school days there was a tradition

among us that the Doctor had failed of an election to the Bishopric of New Hampshire by one vote. Be that as it may, I have his word for it that he himself presented the name of his friend, Professor Niles of Trinity College. The friendship of these two men was an earnest of the success of the school and of the church in New Hampshire. The bishop has always been the chairman of the board of trustees of St. Paul's, through whose wise administration so much has been accomplished. Bishop Niles never failed to be in his place, unless prevented by illness, and he stood ready at all times to back up Dr. Coit; and, on his side, the Doctor was unfailing in his support of the bishop in the diocese. I once heard the bishop quote the Doctor as saying: "I cannot always give money, but I can always 'stand by.'" We boys were made to feel the dignity of the office; we were instructed to remain standing in the chapel always, till the bishop had taken his seat, or while he was proceeding to the pulpit. I remember the Doctor once saying to a boy, as if bestowing upon him a great honor, "My dear, will you go over to the rectory, and escort the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia to the chapel?"

But it was not only deference to the office, for even we boys noticed the unfailing attention of the Doctor toward Bishop Niles as his friend. Few men indeed received the friendship of Dr. Coit; he was too sensitive for that kind of converse with the many; he would either assume the whole burden of the conversation or else be painfully silent. And I believe that even his few trusted friends never felt intimate with him. Dr. Shattuck came nearer than any one to an intimate give and take relation as between man and man. They seemed to bask and expand in each other's company like two happy lovers. Indeed, each, I believe, found in the other the nearest approach to the likeness of a man after his own heart. With these two as a centre, others lost their reserve and talked as they would not alone with the Doctor. It certainly raised one's whole look at life to sit by while such men as Dr. Shattuck, Dr. Samuel Eliot, and Dr. Hudson, sharpened their wits together: it was a meeting of the great ones; while Mr. Edward Perkins kept up his running accompaniment of dry humor.

But perhaps the visits of few men to the rectory gave more pleasure to the Doctor than

those of Dr. Putnam. I believe that this dear old gentleman, whom we all loved to hear preach in spite of his singularly slow and sometimes halting speech, "fairly worshiped" the ground on which the Doctor walked. He would rather be rebuked by him than praised by any other man. On one of the prize nights Dr. Putnam had been amusing us by his deliberate and appreciative criticism of the essay: he finally came to the announcement of the *nom de plume* of the writer who had received the prize, "the boy who signs himself 'Alter pētens.'" No one moved; in expectant silence we waited, while the old gentleman stood, prize in hand, with benign uncertainty of what to do next. Presently the Doctor rose and said, with marked clearness of accent, "Will 'Ālta pĕtēns please come forward."

Another one of the Doctor's worshipers was an old Scotch gentleman who frequently came to the rectory in later days. One evening he noticed that the leaves of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" had not been cut: he at once started in, but when bedtime came he was still at it. When gently ordered by the Doctor, he went to bed, but early the next morning he was at it again. He was not

ashamed of his devotion, and he allowed the Doctor to discover that he had risen at three A. M.

Blessed indeed is the man who carried so many hearts with him, but kept his best for the very few.

Though the Doctor rarely exhibited the manner of the "bon homme," he was himself peculiarly dependent on the love and sympathy which he showered on those who needed him. In writing to a mutual friend he speaks thus: "Our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Shattuck, are indeed very feeble, and we cannot hope that they will be spared to us many years to come. And I dread to think of the breach it will make for us when they are taken from us. My own consolation is that I am getting old myself, and treading the same way, and as the good Frenchman said, 'Répos ailleurs.' It is well to look onward and forward."

These memories would be unduly extended if I gave place to that long line of men, living and dead, whose faces I see ready to light up at grasp of his hand, some of whom were wont to come back to cheer him in his work, as well as to drink again of his love. So many "old boys" came to him in their troubles!

And not only old boys, but people of all descriptions, from men doubtful in faith to those overwrought with cares or work; a few days at the rectory have set many a man once more on his feet, to say, as he went off, what old Dr. Hudson used often to say: "It is good for me to be here."

Among the Doctor's old and well-tried friends, Dr. John C. Eccleston of Staten Island held an honored place. Closely associated in their early days at Lancaster, their friendship was kept warm by the regular visits of Dr. Eccleston to the school to deliver his illustrated lectures on history.

In later life, the Doctor turned with all his heart to the friendship of such men as Father Benson and others of those whom we called the Cowley Fathers. In the absence of our own bishop in Europe, Bishop Hall read the funeral service of Dr. Coit, and Father Benson was chosen to hold a memorial celebration on the first anniversary of his death.

In the midst of all his work for school and church, he never forgot those whose homes were in the country round, "the neighbors," as he always called them. Here, again, it was not the community but the soul of the indi-

vidual that he sought to win, and there are to-day none truer than some of those friends in the country who grew up under his pastoral care. He was untiring in his attention, especially to the sick and afflicted; he was the means of bringing God's love into many a barren heart. The Puritan of the third and fourth generation that wins his bread from this rocky soil is not as pliant as a sapling; yet the Doctor never gave up. One afternoon he was starting off behind "old Joseph," and, on turning to go, excused his haste by saying, "A man dying, out near the Mineral Springs — they always want me then; I am going to-day to baptize him." He was always as carefully dressed at such times as if calling in town, — "they like it," was his comment.

It has been the privilege of some of his old boys to cover the same ground since his death; indeed, during the latter part of his life he often asked one to go here and there with messages, or with delicacies, or sometimes with money to be quietly slipped into the hand of a poor widow — once with the words, "You know, I want some one to pull these strings together when I am gone." Do you wonder that we joyfully keep his memory green in

this valley and about these hills? The old "neighbors" do not forget as others whose lives are perhaps more full; but their vision, I do believe, is all the clearer. Now and again I meet a man or a woman who was educated at the Orphans' Home: Dr. Coit is father and mother and patron saint.

Does any one suppose that even in the midst of these people that loved him, and surrounded by all the outward evidences of success in the school, and in daily receipt of letters of love and confidence, he ever allowed feelings of self-congratulation? Far from it, as the following incident will testify. The Home was started in the very earliest days of the school, in the house on the corner of the Long Pond Road; but soon a parcel of ground with a house was bought on the hill to the southwest overlooking the school. In speaking of this one day, the Doctor said with a look of sorrow and failure: "Mrs. Coit and I stood on this hill, and in our youth and enthusiasm looked down upon the school valley and prayed together that some day we should see it 'the valley of the cross,' a very garden of the Lord." In all one's memory not a note sounds of anything like self-congratulation.

But here must come the end of my chapter, in spite of the rush of memories that crowd in as these years are recalled. I delight to quote the words of Bishop Doane as a fit summary of our great master's work :—

"There is no nobler record in the world, and no more fragrant and lasting recollection, than that of the great schoolmasters of the world. From Wykeham down, the names of men who have built up or carried on great institutions of Christian learning have been, and are to be, immortal. Holding high place upon this roll of honor stands to-day, and will stand through all time, the name of the great rector of St. Paul's School, Concord. He was the last to recognize it, because in his extreme humility he could not realize the greatness of his personality in the place, nor the greatness of the place which his personality enriched and enlarged. My father's name and Dr. Muhlenberg's stand earlier in the record of the founders of church schools in America, but it was given to Dr. Coit, partly by the benediction of Dr. Shattuck's friendship and devotion, partly by the happy opportunity of the time, partly by his rare combination of sweetness and strength, to lay the deepest

foundations and lay the best superstructures that have been laid or built for the Christian training of boys."

In a letter of the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, an alumnus and trustee, printed in the "Churchman," occur these paragraphs: "We learned deep reverence for all holy things and acts, and were taught how amiable were the tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts, but deeper than any religious service or observance was the zeal for righteousness which filled even the most thoughtless of us with reverent awe.

"It was this reverent affection that induced so large a number of his 'old boys' to face the cold and storm for the sad pleasure of standing by the open grave of 'the Rector,' who had been for so many years a part of their very lives."

Indeed it was a dreadful day on which we laid him to his rest. Many were storm-bound in their efforts to get to the school, while many kept arriving later in the day. Yet the chapel was filled, and as his body was borne down the aisle by faithful men who loved him much, our hearts seemed to stop for a space. Tears, however, would come as, during the pause at the door, the organ seemed to

drift to the strain of the last night's hymn, "Saviour, source of every blessing."

As we stood about the open grave and the bishop of Vermont committed his body to the ground, nature let loose all her fury and drove the snow in winding sheets about us all. The strong voice of the bishop seemed in tune to the elements as he said above the uproar, "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the spirit; for they rest from their labours."

As the memory born of a summer night nearly thirty years before had gone out in this winter's blast, so the first impression of a soft and gentle man had gone out in the birth of a sterner memory, the memory of a gentleman indeed, but one ever hard to himself, uncompromising in every principle of truth and justice, and ever ready to face with courage and faith the very worst that the world could do.

With heavy hearts we stood about while men who loved him piled the earth upon his body; with heavy hearts and desolate we left him, while the driving snow soon made clean and white every mark of man.

In the early spring, while all nature was throbbing with her renewal of life, the loving care of his brother, who succeeded him, had placed over his grave a beautiful cross, inscribed on one side with the words, —

> "The Lord grant thee thy heart's desire:
> And fulfill all thy mind."

And on the other, —

> "With long life will I satisfy him:
> And show him my salvation."

The following hymns were written by Dr. Coit for use among the private prayers of the boys: —

MORNING

Lord, our hearts to Thee would rise,
As the sun ascends the skies,
And our daily work begin
Freed by Thee from taint of sin.

Thou who art our Light and Life,
Fill each heart with love to-day,
Banish jealousy and strife,
Drive unholy thoughts away.

As each hour fleets swiftly by,
May it find us busied still,
Storing knowledge steadily,
Knowledge of Thy ways and will.

Help us all to patient be,
  Speaking truth in look and word,
Fearing most of all, lest we
  In Thy sight seem useless, Lord.

So the day which has begun
  Peacefully, will peaceful close,
And when westward sinks the sun,
  Thou wilt give us sweet repose.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
  Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
  Now and evermore shall be.

H. A. C.

EVENING

When the sun draws near his setting
  In the cradle of the West,
We, our daily toil forgetting,
  Think of home, and peace, and rest.

And our hearts, to Heaven ascending,
  Where no night obscures the sky,
Pardon ask for each offending,
  In His name who deigned to die.

Evil words now past recalling,
  Precious hours this day misspent,
Looks unkind on others falling,
  Help us, Saviour, to repent.

For the days of life are flying,
  And the last night comes apace,
In that fearful hour of dying
  Hide not, Lord, from us Thy face.

THE GRAVE

AN AMERICAN BOYS' SCHOOL — WHAT IT SHOULD BE

By Henry A. Coit, D. D.

AN AMERICAN BOYS' SCHOOL — WHAT IT SHOULD BE[1]

I HAVE been asked to write an article on a great American school, I suppose because I have spent most of my life in school work and because whatever I know about schools is rather a matter of experience than of theory. It would be bad taste to enlarge on one's own work, and too much in the way of glorifying one's self, unless indeed I owned to manifold mistakes and failures, and acknowledged (what would be the simple truth) that what I have seen accomplished as the result of my own plans and labors is inexpressibly below my aims and ideals. Perhaps, therefore, the best course to take will be to allow the imagination a little scope and to portray what a great American school, such as one longs to see, ought to be — what, at least, those who are engaged in educational work ought to aim at; and certainly a high aim is better than a low one,

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and it is a help to our human weakness to keep before us the noblest ideal.

In what I am about to say, I am sure of the sympathy and concurrence of loyal, disinterested, high-minded Christian men engaged in the same work. We are all one, and our work is one, and we enter into no rivalry or vulgar competition with one another. We have essentially the same end, and we wish one another God-speed, not only in newspapers and on public occasions, but in our secret hearts and in our haunts of retirement. True men, who are not seeking selfish interests or personal κῦδος, have no thought or wish to increase by the losses or discomfiture of their brethren. The work in which they are engaged is of the highest, and they gladly recognize their fellow workers, and desire to have part in no other provocation than "to love and good works."

We have a great system of common schools throughout the country, which engage the attention and interest — I may add, which awaken the anxiety — of large-hearted, thoughtful Americans; but my subject is apart from these. I am concerned with such schools only as belong to the secondary class, which

are preparatory to a university course, whether classical or scientific, and which profess also to give to boys who are designed for business such beginning of sound mental training and knowledge of letters that they need not be classed hereafter with the uninformed and illiterate. The school is American in the strictest sense of the word, on American soil, under American institutions, for American needs, and not an imitation, however good, of what cannot be reproduced on this side of the Atlantic — a great English public school. We cannot have Rugby, or Eton, or Harrow here, if we would. And certainly no one who understands our society, and the special character of our civilization, would wish for such transplanting. This is not saying that we are above learning from England, or Germany, or any other nation, what is best in its educational work, or that we are starting out for ourselves regardless of the rich harvests of the past. Our danger as a nation is from self-confidence and satisfaction in beginnings which are at best only a promise and foundation for the future. But neither the great English public school nor the German gymnasium would suit us here. We have our own conditions to meet and pro-

vide for, which belong to ourselves as Americans, as well as those which are common to men in every country, age, and generation.

The ideal is one not easy of attainment, and there are opposing forces at work in our American social life, which make it peculiarly difficult. Average human nature must be surmounted and directed in every age, if we would reach a high standard of excellence, whether intellectual or moral; but we have our own special barriers and drawbacks, and these will be briefly indicated as I go on.

We want first to make *men*. Such schools as I have in mind take charge of the daily life of the boys committed to them, of their sleeping, eating, arrangement of hours for study and exercise, and are therefore, in a certain degree, responsible for their physical well-being. The *sanum corpus*, if not the most important, is certainly the first object, and this head comprises most of the details of mere living — the simple yet generous and varied diet, the sufficiency of rest and recreation, the careful provision for bathing, and for fresh air and well-distributed light, in the rooms occupied by the boys, as well as such special arrangements as are required by our variable

climate, with its extremes of heat and cold. Our boys are the men of the future. They must have bodily health and vigor to begin with, and all their physical powers unimpaired and in good working order. For men should be manly, and while a puny, delicate man may have the truest manliness and a burly, self-indulgent animal of the same genus have little or none, a sound, healthy body in a boy goes far to insure his manliness and freedom from the tendency to abnormal precocious vice. Great care will be taken, therefore, to encourage and cultivate such exercises as are instrumental in producing a sound body. The playing fields, ball courts, tennis grounds, and gymnasium will receive the same attention and oversight as the school-room. The severity of the winter, the wet cheerlessness of the early spring, will be mitigated by an ample provision for exercise under reasonable shelter. The authorities of the school will aim so to strengthen and develop a boy's physique that he will not easily take cold, or suffer from a little exposure, or notice a trifling discomfort, or be subject to the sick headaches which are usually the penalty of an overloaded stomach.

There is a great furore for competitive

games at present throughout the country, and this creates an exaggerated and undue interest in their results. Whatever the example set by some of our young collegians, the ideal school will hold in check this monopoly of youthful energy. There will be great caution in allowing contests with athletic clubs from other schools. No set of boys will be permitted to quit their work in term-time to play match games in other places away from the school. Whatever introduces a professional element or incites betting will be discountenanced and repressed. In a large school it is quite possible to organize clubs sufficient to create and sustain the interest which comes from a healthy competition. What the prevailing games are is a matter of less account, provided there is reasonableness in their management, and all forms of cheating and loud coarseness are discouraged, and good temper and perfect fairness preside. Some games, however, have better associations than others. In the writer's judgment and experience, cricket is the best game to encourage in such a school as I am imagining. In itself it is no more English than it is American. When Americans play it, it becomes an American game, just as golden-

rod, if adopted by general consent, would become the national flower, although it grows freely in certain parts of Great Britain. The educational results of cricket are better than of most other games in promoting those moral qualities which belong to a right notion of manliness. But details of this sort may be safely left to the responsible heads of the school, who will be wisely indifferent to the means used, if the desired end is reached, and the playground becomes a spring of healthy animal life as well as an out-of-doors training in noble manners. Nothing is to be slighted in the discipline of boyhood; and those who are rude and evil-speaking, mean and tricky, in their sports, will be sure to show the same traits elsewhere, both at school and at home. It is a great gain for any boy to learn early to bear defeat gracefully, and to scorn an advantage won by the sacrifice of truth, courtesy, and honor.

Along with this subject comes the necessity of contending with the self-indulgence of our day, a necessity sure to make the school and its authorities unpopular with a large class of the community. For the fathers as well as the mothers do, very many of them, think that

love is best shown by feeding, that their sons should have no stint of sweets and other gratifications of the palate, and that their pockets should be well lined with spending money, so that they may be enabled, by the aid of the confectioner and his fellows, to support the hardships of school life. One of the greatest practical difficulties in the way of securing a high-bred manliness among our boys will arise from this vital mistake of parents whose own habits are undisciplined, and who little realize that thus to pamper and indulge the animal nature is to weaken the will-power of their offspring for moral ends, and to sow seed of which the ripened harvest is the incapacity of resisting any inordinate desire. Never let it be forgotten that there can be no manliness worth the name until the boy learns to say a strong "no" to himself and his own propensities, as well as to the lawless solicitations of self-indulgent, unprincipled companions. Whatever we do for mental training and equipment, our work is a failure in proportion as our boys fail in the attainment of these first principles of a healthy manliness.

But a school is mainly occupied with the preparation and training of the mental powers.

These must be exercised, instructed, developed. "*Doce, disce, aut discede.*" "The studies pursued, the methods of teaching, the regulations adopted, are chiefly valuable in so far as they tend to produce certain habits," in so far as they are instrumental in the discipline of memory, reason, imagination, and the perceptive faculties. Not one youth in ten thousand will turn out an Admirable Crichton, and this is not to be regretted; but ninety-nine in a hundred can be made intelligent men with an appreciation of knowledge, a lively sense of their own ignorance, and the purpose to do something themselves to lessen it. The exercise of the memory has been unduly disparaged. There has been a great reaction from the old system of learning by rote and making memory the essential factor in scholastic success; but on the other hand a well-trained, accurate memory is almost indispensable to the acquisition of knowledge, and there is a good deal of cant in much that is said and written about the cultivation of the perceptive and reasoning powers. A child must receive most of his rudimentary instruction on trust. The main point is to give him the best and most available formulæ, the clearest and most defi-

nite rules and principles, to exercise a wise discretion in the first processess of education, and to form those habits of attention and accuracy without which the work of the teacher, at any period of school-life, will be practically abortive. We cannot improve upon Quintilian's precept, "*Non ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino non intelligere non possit, curandum.*" It is not only necessary that the child shall understand, but that it shall not be possible for him not to understand.

Our danger at present seems to arise from an overestimate of the youthful capacity and a consequent multiplication of the subjects pursued. Our best colleges and scientific schools are continually raising their standards of admission. The preparation for the freshman class covers a wider range of subjects and becomes increasingly technical, and this leads to a corresponding enlargement of the school course, and to some risk of cramming, and to an arbitrary limitation in boys' minds of what it is worth while to attain in a particular branch of study. The average boy cannot pursue eight or ten different studies at the same time with advantage. The effort to cover so much ground tends, in the majority of cases,

to superficial scholarship and to making the college examination the final end of the school work. The highly accomplished, enthusiastic, inspiring teacher is rare. The art of imparting knowledge is a gift as well as an art. We cannot make the exceptionally able teacher and the exceptionally bright and recipient scholar our standards of comparison, any more than we can exact from our serviceable carriage-horses the time and action of a famous racer. Language and mathematics are the two great means of mental discipline, as much so now as in the days of Bacon. No boy will be less fitted for scientific research, will be a less able electrician or civil engineer, because he is a good Latin scholar and well trained in the reasoning processes of plane geometry. It is a popular error that "all things are to be learned at once; not first one thing, then another; not one well, but many badly." The boys sent to such a school as we are aiming at will, most of them, be imperfectly trained in the rudiments of English, will seldom read or spell correctly, will have but a smattering of geography, little or no history, perhaps a small stock of nursery French, but no acquaintance with the great names of English literature,

will know more of the writings of Jules Verne than of Walter Scott, and yet will be bright and well disposed enough to accomplish a fair amount of good work, if wisely and kindly dealt with, and if patience and judgment are used in their guidance.

There is so much which can barely be indicated in the compass of an article like this that in treating of scholarship I will limit myself to two points: the end proposed, and the methods taken. The end is the culture of the intellect. The fallacy which underlies most popular talk about education assumes that utility is the end, meaning by "utility" what helps to prepare one for some temporal calling, some art or business, profession or work, directly resulting from the studies pursued; and we must be prepared in advocating a given study to make clear this connection. Now, in our ideal school, the cultivation of the intellect is itself the end, and nothing is accounted more practical than to "impart vigor, beauty, and grasp to the intellectual portion of our nature." This settles the question as to the value of what are called classical studies. These become unpopular in an age the drift of which is materialistic, and in a society

whose tendency is to make wealth the *summum bonum*, and to disparage pursuits which do not lead directly to its accumulation. But those who aspire to teach should have a wider range of mental vision than their pupils. It is not worth while to discuss the value of the Greek language as a means of intellectual culture with a man who has never read a line of Homer. "Thought and speech are inseparable." We mean by "letters" or "literature" the expression of thought in language, and by "thought" is meant "the ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the human mind." It is a mistake to suppose that botany or biology is an eminently practical study, and certainly exclusive devotion to such a study may incapacitate one for what is of all things most practical, namely, historical reasoning. For when one faculty of the mind is inordinately used and developed, the result is very like the excessive development of some member or organ of the body. In a school we aim at the orderly harmonious development of all the mental powers. After a boy has mastered the initial difficulties of reading and writing in his own language, the range and direction of his future studies will depend

upon this effort to train and discipline the intellect. The result of such training under favorable circumstances will prepare him to "fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility."

As to methods, these will vary with teachers. Mr. Thring lays great stress upon "articulation," but none too much, if it is to be made impossible for the child not to understand. Attention and accuracy are the essentials of any successful method. The constant effort to secure these will govern the arrangement of hours, the length and succession of lessons, and manifold other details. A master's freedom from selfish vanity, his perfect fairness, simple truthfulness, and unaffected kindness will secure the confidence of his boys, and he will claim to lead and instruct them rather as being somewhat in advance of themselves, than as being *ex officio* master of the whole range of human knowledge. The *ethos* of the class-room will go far to determine the *ethos* of the school. As a minor point the management of the voice should not be overlooked. A harsh, shrill, or muffled tone of voice is trying to young as to older hearers. Drawling, muttering, habitual colloquialisms,

are to be greatly avoided. The teacher belongs to the educated class, and should not speak in the speech of this or that city or provincial town.

I have said the school is American and to train American citizens. This means that our boys should grow up with a loyal devotion to their native land, an intelligent interest in its geography, history, and resources, and a great idea of the noble possibilities before it. It implies the inculcation of their responsibility and obligations as Americans, which cannot be neglected and ignored without moral failure. It should be set before a boy as a paramount duty, to serve his country and advance its highest welfare, not by an arrogant assertion of its superiority in all companies and places, but by the settled purpose to become a worthy example of what an American should be, whose patent of nobility, whatever his social claims, comes first from his manhood and his character. The follies of some of our countrymen abroad should kindle in the better educated among us the strenuous purpose to shun similar mistakes, and to honor our country by modest self-possession and avoidance of ostentatious expenditure. Our school will be Amer-

ican, above all, in its spirit, in refusing to worship wealth and to be dazzled by display, in awarding its honors to the diligent and the deserving, and in respecting the obsolete virtues of frugality and plain living. The habit of loyalty — of loyal thought, and speech, and action — is a great blessing to a boy, and it is essential to the formation of that most beautiful of all things, the character of a true gentleman.

The majority of right-minded parents are more anxious that their boys should be gentlemen than scholars or successful business men. Assuredly it will be uppermost in the minds of those who direct our ideal school that the throng of unripened youth intrusted to their care should find in the associations of the place that which will

> "Subdue them somewhat to that gentleness
> Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man."

The discipline of the school will be largely influenced by this idea: to deal with all the boys as if they were or were meant to be gentlemen; to take their word until in any case they are found untrustworthy; to countenance no espionage, no underhand method of detecting the authors of disorder; so to govern

by the law of truth that the most deceitful may be shamed into speaking and doing it. Nothing should be more sternly repressed than cheating in the preparation of lessons and in written examinations. The public opinion among boys is apt to be very lax in these matters, but you can never make a true gentleman out of a boy who habitually cheats in his classes and in the school-room. It is, perhaps, the greatest trial in this work to maintain even-handed justice, to treat the coarse-minded, dishonorable boy whom you know to be such, with perfect fairness and consideration; to say and do nothing rude or unkind, although in the youthful company around you many are without refinement of feeling, and return your forbearance with ingratitude. The men who have these arduous duties in hand must be themselves gentlemen, not only in outward seeming, but in grain, in their instincts and habits, in the power of self-repression and self-control.

If it is almost a true definition of a gentleman that he is one who never inflicts pain, then we shall have our hands full in the endeavor to instill into our thoughtless, self-indulgent charge a delicate consideration for

the feelings of others, the grace of invariable courtesy to women, the habits of self-forgetfulness, respect for age, regard for another's rights, and tender care for the feeble and helpless and for the brute creation. This is in our ideal, and if those who share in the work of the school illustrate in some degree the character portrayed, many of their boys will reflect their tone, and not only will help to keep down the base among them, but also will learn

> "High thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

For, after all, character is of infinitely greater account than acquirements, and our school aims at forming or helping to form strong and noble characters. How can this end be best reached? Certainly no one, young or old, can be called good who disobeys his conscience, and goodness is better than greatness, if greatness is merely the power to hold the mastery of one's fellows. Goodness often *is* greatness, and the "first principle of a man's ethical life is to reverence his conscience as his king." There is an absolute standard of Right and Wrong which rules the universe, and to this

the conscience in every child bears witness. And the training of conscience is the highest part of education, a training which is twofold: subjective, by keeping the springs of action clear of evil habits and influences from without which pervert and blind the moral sense; and objective, by bringing the "Light which lighteth every man" as near the boy's heart as we can, until duty rules him, and "every pulse beats true to airs divine." How is this end to be accomplished in view of the widespreading imperfection of our home life, the tremendous disorganizing force of early self-indulgence, and the inversion of the true objects of life which a child is quick to discover in those around him before he can draw all the baneful inferences which such examples suggest?

The fact of religious teaching in our school is taken for granted. It is needless to say that this should never be proclaimed as one of the advantages of the place, as a species of advertisement or recommendation. The life of a great school is like the life of an individual. What is best and most precious shuns publicity, and is harmed and degraded by notoriety. There is less temptation, perhaps, to profess a religious motive nowadays, when

many a father who may send his boy to such a school has lost his own faith as a Christian, supposing he ever had any to lose, or if he has not lost it altogether is still grievously affected by the tone of much popular literature, and is inclined to think that Christianity is somehow on its trial, and that the Book in which his mother sought the light and consolations of Heaven has been found out, so to speak, in these days of unchartered criticism, and deposed from its authority over human thought and conduct.

We have nothing to do here with religious controversy, and our point is not to prove what has been proven a thousand times, or to refute what has been a thousand times refuted. We are faced with the great question, how to lead our boys to obey conscience and to put their duty uppermost, feeling that whenever this is achieved the best issue of all is reached, and that *finis coronabit opus*.

There are two effective instruments at hand in our school to be used for this end: personal influence, and law. I. The influence of the living teacher, enforcing by example and every persuasive tender art the truth to be inculcated, is essential in the first place. Didactics

is all but worthless with average human beings. Witness the fruitlessness of much well-meant and fairly good preaching. The mere tone of the voice, the expressive look, the loving pressure of the hand, if these reveal a heart deeply convinced of that truth of faith or duty which one longs to impress upon his charge, will do more for good than lectures, however forcible, or those commonplaces of morals which no one would dispute or deny. Simple, unfeigned goodness and the "confidence of a certain faith" upon which it is founded are the mainsprings of a healthy, uplifting, personal influence. The very air a boy breathes in such a place should be helpful from the absence of profane and vicious elements, and the concurrence, more or less manifest, of all who have a right to be listened to and obeyed. This is sufficient under this head, and indicates the multitude of "humble cares and delicate fears" which will make up the daily life of teachers who realize their responsibility and are earnestly set to fulfill it. II. Nothing can be begun without influence, and surely nothing can be completed without law. Influence is needed and desirable in order to bring about the willing recognition of law — of sub-

mission and obedience to the highest authority. This makes every detail of school-life important as helping to form habits, the habits which find their strength, as years increase and reason develops, in the faith which we call the Christian faith, and in Him who is its Author and Finisher.

I have arrived at the *raison d'être* of such a school as this loved country of ours, with its widely various social life and the numerous elements of menace and disintegration fermenting within it, seems to me to require. Practical men, so-called, if any such glance over these roughly-drawn outlines, may smile at an ideal of which they see no visible illustration, and think it "too good for human nature's daily food," and that a lower aim is wiser, as easier to reach, and not wasting energy and efforts which are sure to be defeated. But,

> "Many a time
> Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
> And overthrows from being overthrown,"

and there is a true parallel here between the life of a school and the life of a man. The highest standard of right and wrong is the only befitting one for a very imperfect human being to make his own. "*Sic itur ad*

astra," and only so. Whoever takes in hand this great work of education must take it in all its parts and with all its overwhelming responsibilities. The whole man is made up of body, soul, and spirit, and that education is mutilated and inadequate which takes no notice of one part — and that the most important part — of our threefold nature. I will sum up in another's words what my own experience of many years has more and more assured me and verified, what this American nation needs above all things to learn, and what it should be the ardent desire and effort of those who bear the honored name of teachers to set forth and apply.

" You may, indeed, offer an education without a religious creed, and you may offer all the material of knowledge, but without a creed you have not the natural recipient of education. Religion gives the power of receiving education ; it provides that seriousness and weight in the young mind, which knows how to lay hold of the resources to the enjoyment of which it is admitted. . . . In works of fiction there is a moment which makes the character : the creator of the work of art who wields all the resources of moral description,

of sentiment and imagery, may have striven with his idea in vain; he buffets the air with words, and loads the ground of the drama with structures of scenes or conversations, but for all that, the character is not yet drawn, and he has that in his mind which is not expressed. His effort is to strike it out, and to shape it, and it will not come into shape; but a moment brings it out, and the person stands before you. That ideal in the world of school creation is the Creed. At once a school becomes something else; something it gains of an end above nature, of a supernatural end of its own work. The rank of all work is raised, and the scholar is raised with his work. The school belongs to the ages that are past, and is part of the chain of forts and defenses of Christianity."

THE RESURRECTION LIFE

A Sermon in Memory of the late George C. Shattuck, M. D. Preached at the Church of the Advent, Boston, on Low Sunday, 1893

By Henry A. Coit, D. D.

THE RESURRECTION LIFE

S. Luke's Gospel xxiv, 29 : Abide with us : for it is toward evening and the day is far spent.

The first Easter day was declining when these words were spoken. There had been a long walk among the hills of Judæa that afternoon. The two friends who started out from Jerusalem together were burdened by a heavy sense of loss. They felt desolate and bewildered. The Friend who had been their Counselor and Master, Whom they had leaned upon and trusted, had just died an agonizing, shameful death, the death of the lowest malefactor. True, there had been inexplicable circumstances of wonder and awe around His Cross : the sky had been overspread with a deep pall of darkness ; there had been the fearful vibrations of an earthquake : rocks had been rent, graves had opened, the great temple curtain which veiled the Holy of Holies had been torn from top to bottom (so men said), at the very moment when their Master had yielded up His Spirit. More amazing still had been the majesty of

the Sufferer's bearing, His gentleness and pity, His matchless patience, in the midst of this dreadful reproach and anguish, this denying and forsaking. It was most perplexing and heart-rending. He had been taken down from the Cross dead; there was no doubt of that. He had been buried in a new tomb. These were unquestioned facts. But all that morning from the first tinge of dawn, the air had been full of rumors. The Sepulchre, so certain women of their company reported, had been found empty. Some had even whispered it about that He Who died on the Cross on Friday had been seen in His Living Person, and that Mary Magdalene could tell an all but incredible story, which seemed far too good to be true. If He could thus take up His life again, why should He have laid it down at all? So they set out from the Holy City about noontide, with sinking hearts and clouded minds, and it was not until One unknown to their bodily eyes had joined and communed with them, and traversed with them all the last week's events, and illumined that inward sense of Faith which is the eye of the soul, that their hearts revived, their understandings were opened, and they began to ex-

perience a peace and hopefulness which was like a life-giving cordial to the dying. They reached their home in the little village among the hills. He, their Unknown Friend, seemed to be passing on, and they again suffer the depressing sense of loss. He must not part with them with the parting day. Therefore they reach forth to Him with constraining action and more constraining words: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." They had had a great, an irreparable bereavement. But the Presence of this Stranger had somehow taken away the sense of bereavement. With Him there, they had the old feeling of being strengthened, consoled, and led. He was as yet unknown to them, but there was the consciousness of a familiar influence. They knew this, though they knew not Him.

The words of the text belong in the first place to this Easter season. They also belong to human life, in all its changes of day and week, springtime and harvest, of youth and middle age and gray hairs. They are suited to the Easter season. For if, in the Lent now over, we have caught one glimpse of a higher, better life than our past has been, or had one

desire for it; if one Communion has brought us nearer to the Saviour of our souls, if we have once placed ourselves in thought at the Feet which were pierced for our sakes, and really from our hearts felt the plea of the contrite sinner,

> "In my hands no price I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling,"

then we *must* wish that to abide with us which for however brief a moment has made the lessons of the Gospel more real to us, and surely this means that Jesus Christ Himself should abide with us, Who is the soul's life, by Whose aid alone we can thread the vicissitudes of our journey, and face undismayed that last tragedy in which each one of us is to be the sole actor, the tragedy of death.

So we pray now to the Resurrection and the Life to stay with us, that we may rise from sorrow's and sin's night of chill dreariness and bondage to the continually growing light and power of the Resurrection morning. Stay with us as the days of this mortal life flee away, stay with us in winter's cheerless storm and summer's burning heat, and be the everlasting springtime of the heart, and drive our sins away, and with our sins our doubts and

cares and fears. For the secret of continuance in well-doing, the secret of a happy life and a peaceful death, the confidence of a certain faith, and the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope are surely here. "Abide with us." We are not forced to draw upon the imagination in order to picture to ourselves the strength and joy of the Resurrection Life. As our blessed Lord's Resurrection is a fact, the greatest and best established fact in all history, so His Life planted, continually renewed, and abiding in His Disciples is also a fact, which has been repeated in manifold instances, in His redeemed followers from the first Easter to this present one. His Resurrection Life is perpetuated here in the lives of His followers. One such life in its ceaseless quiet activities of usefulness, in its serene, considerate loving-kindness, in its lively interest in all things pertaining to the kingdom of our Lord on earth, above all, in its secret, persistent self-discipline, its deep appreciation and painstaking use of the means of grace, its never-ceasing prayers and praises, in private, in the family, and in the house of God, is an unanswerable fact, a fact which meets the sin-loving and the sin-haunted, the

worldly and the unbelieving in their hard, unlovely courses, like a message from the skies, a message more effective than any argument however cogent, to prove the truth of Christianity, being, after all, a practical living witness of the Resurrection which none of our adversaries can gainsay or resist.

Those who hear me will recall the example of such a life, in all our minds this morning, of one of the original founders of this Parish, for many years identified with its history and interests. The memory of God's saints is blessed, and it is my high honor and privilege to pay my personal tribute of reverence and affection here, on this Low Sunday, to our dear friend and benefactor, Dr. Shattuck. For multitudes called him their friend while he was with us, and he was to each and all their benefactor, by untiring acts of Christian courtesy and loving-kindness, of pleasant greeting and remembrance, by the efficacy of a godly, righteous, and sober life, as well as by countless deeds of mercy and beneficence, which flowed forth from him continually as the refreshing waters from an unfailing spring. It is not for me to relate the early history of the Parish of the Advent and

Dr. Shattuck's intimate connection with the sainted Croswell and so many other honored names. There was a beautiful fellowship of good and true and devout men and women, who first gathered together in a simple, unadorned room, which might almost bring to mind the Upper Room in the Gospel History, who had the Apostolic ideal of worship and brotherhood before them, and did most faithfully and earnestly seek to carry out that ideal.

Nor will it be expected of me to enlarge on the wider relations which Dr. Shattuck sustained to this city and commonwealth, his large and provident interest and sympathy in the public charities and benevolent institutions and enterprises for the amelioration of the deprivation and distress, physical, moral, and social, which are continually with us wherever a great population is collected. The profession which he loved and adorned, the calling of him who was both physician and evangelist, put him in touch with that vast and multiplied service of hospitals, asylums, homes, and orphanages which are the real glory of Boston, and her civic diadem.

Only one who has lived here all his life as

Dr. Shattuck did, and knows the work and scenes and people thoroughly by heart, has the right or the ability to enter upon this aspect of a life and character which had so many sides and such broad and human affiliations. And time would fail me if I undertook to narrate his active life as a churchman, the life of one who really believed in the Holy Catholic Church of Christ as a Divine Institution, "a supernatural Body separated off from the world, to live a supernatural Life, begun, continued, and ended in miracles," "to whom Baptismal Regeneration, and the Doctrine of the Real Presence were so vital, because they told of the reality of a Living Christ touching and giving life to His members." It was owing to the depth of this conviction that he was so alive to all the present and current interests of the Church, that he was identified for so many years with all that was best and wisest in her councils, both Diocesan and Ecumenical, and that the least duty committed to him in her service called forth his fullest sacrifice of time and strength and devotion. All of these varied and manifold offices and relations will assuredly be taken up, one and another, by the several societies

and associations to which he belonged. It may be permitted to myself to speak more particularly of that side of Dr. Shattuck's work and character in which I knew him best, better certainly than any other, — I mean as the founder of S. Paul's School.

The school owes its existence to him. Many years ago he had planned a school for boys in the country, away from the influences and distractions of town life. To use his own words: "Physical and moral culture can best be carried on where boys live with, and are constantly under the supervision of the teachers, and in the country. Outdoor exercise is thus secured. Green fields and trees, streams and ponds, beautiful scenery, flowers and minerals, are educators. The things which are seen are very valuable, and may be used to teach of Him Who made them, and thus of the things unseen. Religious teaching and training," he continues, "for beings such as we are, is all-important. The things of this world are engrossing; but boys ought to be trained not only for this life, but so as to enter into and enjoy eternal and unseen realities. The life of this world is short and uncertain. To live well here, in the fear and love of God, and

with love to our fellow-men, is not easy, and teachers and instructors, who have learned and practiced the arts of so living and passing through this world as not to lose the things eternal, are essential to the success of a boarding-school for boys."

The words in their simple wisdom, and what I may call their sweet homeliness, are characteristic of the man. They came from his heart. They embody the governing principle of his life. It was his deeply rooted conviction that there is " no basis for the Christian virtues except the Christian verities," and that " other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Thirty-eight years ago the plan was matured, the trustees were chosen, the corporation was organized, a charter was obtained from the State of New Hampshire; and on Monday of last week the school completed its thirty-seventh year of active operation, during which time it is right to say that the founder's plan has been its governing motive. Dr. Shattuck was an ideal founder. For the latter half of his life he was closely connected with the school. For nearly forty years we have had his unflagging interest and counsel, his fre-

quent help and presence, and the untold benefit of his daily prayers. During these years my own intercourse and correspondence with him have formed a large and recognized portion of my life. Our hopes and objects, plans and methods, have been practically the same. Our mutual confidence and friendship has never been one moment clouded by misunderstanding, or divergence of opinion. The happy early memories of the place are all interwoven with his name. His character and the association connected with him must continue to be the school's best inheritance and really inestimable endowment.

We will not forget in our great loss that this is the Easter season, and the grave has lost its sting. "We sorrow not as men without hope." Our Lord has risen, and those we love still live in Him, and we believe that the precious seed of individual life, sown in corruption on a quiet slope of Mount Auburn, the day before Palm Sunday,[1] shall be raised in incorruption, the natural body transformed into a spiritual body, and reunited to the undying soul which keeps its Easter this year with the unnumbered host of holy, happy

[1] On the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25.

souls in Paradise. The life upon which we dwell in thought to-day, now passed forever from our earthly sight, was a strong, a purposeful, a happy one. The old Psalm of Moses speaks of the natural age of man as threescore years and ten, and "though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone." Our friend and brother had reached to fourscore years, but these were so bound, each to each, "by natural piety," that the transition to feebleness and decay of bodily powers was hardly perceptible because of his mental vigor and keen and living interest in all noble and good things. Many a time within these last years have the words in Ecclesiastes recurred to my mind after an hour in his company, "For God giveth to a man that is good in His sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy."

I have said that Dr. Shattuck's life was a strong one, by which I mean that there was nothing unreal or effeminate about him, none of that craving for bodily ease and self-indulgence, which seems so unnatural in the young, so despicable in full-grown men, and so piti-

able in the old. He loved to speak of his plain and disciplined school-life at Northampton, where he and many others, who have taken a distinguished place in our American history and literature, lived roughly, not rudely (which is a widely different thing), endured hardness, tasted the sweets of mental and physical exertion, and "spurned delights and loved laborious days."

One contrasts, with a sense of pain, such a youth as his, so wholesome, so engaged in worthy interests, so alive to simple pleasures, so responsive to the beauties of earth and sea and sky, with the over-indulged, premature, cynical youth we sometimes meet, whose ideas of enjoyment are forced and artificial, a feeble caricaturing of the vices of later years. The love of nature in itself is purifying and healthful. It grew with Dr. Shattuck's growth and strengthened with his strength. To have the strength of genuine manhood, you must have manly training. The strength of boyhood's virtues must ripen and settle into those of manhood, if the man is to have the root in himself, and so become a help and a stay to others.

And Dr. Shattuck's strength of character

was full of purpose, *i. e.*, he took his powers of body and mind, which by gift of God were above those of average man, and by assiduous self-training and cultivation made efficient and available for noble use, and deliberately consecrated them to the service of his fellow-men as the natural outcome and expression of his willing service to God. He had by nature a rare sweetness and benevolence of temper, a large and generous heart; he had also inherited gifts of wealth and fortune. And these were laid resolutely, conscientiously, persistently at the feet of his Master. What he did for St. Paul's School was but a sample of his gifts and services everywhere. He was the physician, friend, and tender helper of the poor and needy and sorrowful, a true son of consolation, wherever he lighted upon them. No mission or other object connected with the Church and Kingdom of our Lord appealed to him in vain. When he might have taken his ease and lived in refined selfishness and pleasure-seeking, he chose a toilsome life — to spend and to be spent for others. So this truest gentleman gave himself up to the most blessed of all services, and no priest ever led a life more really consecrated to our Lord

than did this faithful layman. "Christian" meant more to him than any other title. He was first and foremost and above all a follower of Christ.

Need I say, therefore, that his was a happy life, that he always gave one the impression of a bright cheerfulness? For "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Which of us that was honored with his friendship will forget his gentle playfulness, his enjoyment of kind-hearted mirth, his delightful fund of amusing anecdote, the utter absence of morbid self-consciousness and gloom in his speech and bearing?

> "Such is the bliss of souls serene,
> When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
> Counting the cost, in all to espy
> Their God, in all themselves deny."

And now with this poor record and tribute from a sore and loving heart, I come back to the deep inner secret of this life, a life not beyond our power to imitate and pattern after, even though we are aware that our gifts and advantages, natural and social, fall far below his. How he disliked the words of praise, how he shrank from public mention and comment,

how averse he was to insist on any personal claim ; how, not in words alone but in his inmost heart, he laid all the fruits and honors of his life at the feet of Jesus Christ his Lord.

We do indeed honor our Lord in honoring His good and faithful servants. He gives to His chosen ones these gifts of grace and virtue. Abiding in Him they bring forth fruit. "Such honor have all His saints."

In honoring our dear friend and founder, then, we honor the Master Whose Risen Life he in his station reproduced, in Whom he sought to abide, upon Whom he waited daily in public and private prayer, at Whose Altar he habitually sought to have that Life renewed and strengthened. Such lives are the fruit of the Resurrection. Their peculiar sweetness and beauty are not of earthly growth. Their virtues and their works are not like earth's frail flowers which shine and glow and fade and pass away. They live because they share in the Life and Victory of the strong Son of God.

To use other and nobler words than mine : "Blessed are they who give the flower of their days, and their strength of soul and body to

Him; blessed are they who in their youth turn to Him Who gave His Life for them, and would fain give it to them and implant it in them that they may live forever. Blessed are they who resolve, — come good, come evil, come sunshine, come tempest, come honor, come dishonor, — that He shall be their Lord and Master, their King and God. They will come to a perfect end, and to peace at the last." They will, with Jacob, confess Him, ere they die, as "the God that fed them all their life long unto that day, the Angel which redeemed them from all evil;" with Moses, that "as is their day, so their strength shall be;" and with David, that "in the valley of the shadow of death, they fear no evil, for He is with them, and that His rod and staff comfort them." For them will their prayer be answered: —

"Cast me not away in the time of age,
Forsake me not when my strength faileth me.
Even to my old age be Thou He,
And even to hoar hairs carry me."

APPENDIX

A. THE RECTOR

BY JAMES C. KNOX

THE event in the history of St. Paul's School, so long foreseen, so keenly apprehended, has occurred: our Rector, in God's own time, has been taken from us. There will come a day when we shall look back and say that all was right, that the end was glorious; that, spared a severance from his charge by long illness or gradual decay of powers, he died fittingly, his work done, the final impress given, his aspirations measurably fulfilled; but to us now the sense of loss is overwhelming; to us now Dr. Coit seems to have died ten years too soon.

The alumni will be eager to learn something of the details of the sad scenes through which we have been passing, and the writer has been asked to contribute this notice to the "Horæ." It is reassuring to him to feel that to write of Dr. Coit to them is like writing a letter to personal friends; their absorbing interest is as his own, their grief qualified only by the tempering effects which time and separation bring. The world at large will never quite comprehend our feelings toward the man who has just passed away, how he was to most St. Paul's boys their hero, their ideal of what it is best worth

striving to be; and this article, therefore, is written mainly for those who knew and loved its subject, and who will see no exaggeration in the warm appreciations of an alumnus who may claim an intimate knowledge of that about which he speaks. Fortunately, the four weeks which have elapsed since the sad events will afford some perspective, however slight, and will enable him to write more soberly than would have been possible earlier.

I

When the school reopened after the Christmas holidays, the Rector seemed to be in his usual health. It is true he had taken no rest. While others were off on their vacation, getting the much-needed change and recreation, he still remained at work, engaged in writing letters to parents and attending to the multitude of school details incidental to the closing of one term and the beginning of another. It is said that he wrote five hundred letters during the short three weeks. But his work for the school was by no means his only occupation. The vacation was his great opportunity for looking after the affairs of the neighborhood, and this Christmas, as usual, he spent himself lavishly in behalf of the country people who attended the Old Chapel, and of all who in any capacity were connected with the school and remained there during the holidays. He preached on the Sundays, and at a special service the last night of the year, when

we are told that his sermon was sad and depressing, treating of death as though foreboding it. But notwithstanding this poor preparation for the cares and labors of our hardest term, he was bright and cheerful when we came together, and no one had a misgiving as to what was in store.

The boys returned to work on Wednesday, January 9. The Rector attended to all his duties until the week beginning January 20. On that day he preached for the last time in chapel. During the ensuing few days he became unwell, and remained at the rectory, though not confined to his bed. However, on St. Paul's Day, January 25, he occupied his stall in chapel, and it is a coincidence that the anniversary of our patron saint should have been the occasion of his last public appearence in the place he loved so dearly. Only once again did he set foot within its walls, and this was at the early celebration of the Holy Communion, upon the following Sunday, January 27, when he occupied a seat in the choir. But this effort was too much for him, and, after communicating, he was obliged to withdraw, making his way all alone to the vestry, where he was presently found in a fainting condition. On Monday he revived somewhat, and insisted on going over to his study in the schoolhouse for a few hours, but he was worse at night, and it was becoming evident that Dr. Coit was a very sick man. He never left his bed after that night, and, as the week went on, all the symptoms

became more unfavorable. His disease, a form of influenza, developed into pneumonia, and was pronounced such by Dr. George B. Shattuck, son of the founder, on Saturday, February 2. His enfeebled constitution could make but little resistance to the deadliness of the attack, and in three days all was over. The end came in the early morning of Tuesday, February 5, at half past three o'clock.

The morning of February 5, 1895, will never be forgotten by any one who was a member of the community of St. Paul's School on that day. The blow fell like lightning out of a clear sky. The short week's illness had prepared no one for the catastrophe. The boys, especially, had not realized in the least that their revered master was in danger of death; so that when it was whispered about in the various houses at breakfast time that the Rector was dead, they were terribly shocked. They could not believe it. As they filed into the dining-room of the school, there was dead silence instead of the usual murmur of voices. Who will forget the Morning-Chapel that followed: the depressed air of the boys; the look of mingled grief and consternation on the faces of masters; the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," not strong-voiced as is wont, but feeble and timeless; the prayer for a community in affliction; the vacant stall; the extreme solemnity of the exit? Then came the formal announcement by the Vice-Rector in the big school-room.

As the days wore on towards the funeral, the excitement was less, but the appreciation of what had happened was more marked. A mass-meeting was held by the boys in the auditorium, over which Mr. Parker was asked to preside. Speeches were made, and the resolutions which are published elsewhere in this number of the " Horæ " were passed. Great feeling was manifested, and, indeed, it may be said that throughout this trying ordeal the record of the boys, on the whole, has been what one would wish and what one would expect; they have stood their test well.

The funeral took place on Friday, February 8. The demonstration of feeling from the outside world was so great, as evidenced by the great number of telegrams and letters, that careful arrangements had to be made to receive a large gathering of mourners. There were one hundred and ten of the alumni present, including the residents, — a remarkable number when one considers that the greatest storm of the winter was raging. A full account of this most impressive event is given elsewhere. Owing to the storm, very few of the boys were allowed to go to the cemetery, but many of the alumni followed the carriages through the deep snow on the Hopkinton road, to be present at the last rites. The scene at the grave was extraordinary. The school burial-place lies on an eminence, and the rising ground afforded no shelter against the elements, which were in a tumult. The wind blew

fiercely, the snow was drifting heavily; it was a sort of riot like a storm at sea. But there was something magnificent in the ruggedness of it all, not altogether alien to the great soul that had battled unceasingly for the good while on the earth, and then, when summoned, had austerely left it without regret and without a word. Surely, this was to be no common burial. It seemed as though Nature were herself taking part in so notable a funeral.

But the summer will come, with the green grass and the leaves and flowers, and then it will be seen that the spot where the Rector has been laid to rest is beautiful, and in every respect appropriate. It overlooks the school, and commands a lovely prospect of the chapel tower, which, so recently built and dedicated to the memory of his wife, had long been the object of his heart's desire. That plot of ground, already hallowed by tender memories to many at St. Paul's, has now become a sacred place, the shrine of St. Paul's pilgrims, whither, for years to come, the old boys will find their way, to gaze on the spot where "the Doctor" lies.

II

When a memoir or life of Dr. Coit shall be written, there will be much material connected with his early life that will be of great interest as showing the circumstances and influence which were instrumental in developing his character. Aside from the discipline of a pious and refined home,

and aside from the stimulating effect of life at College Point under the devout and imaginative Muhlenberg, there were public events occurring in his youth which must have profoundly stirred him. He was but twelve years of age when Arnold died at Rugby, and fifteen at the time of the secession of Newman and the culmination of the Oxford movement. These events, with all that they implied and the literature which they evoked, — The Christian Year, Stanley's Life, the Oxford Tracts, Pusey's Sermons, — must have been among his earliest impressions, and their influence may be easily traced through the succeeding years. But there is no opportunity now to enter upon this part of the subject; it will be sufficient to give the main facts of the Rector's life prior to the St. Paul's School period.

Dr. Henry Augustus Coit was born January 20, 1830, at Wilmington, Del., where his father, the late Rev. Joseph Howland Coit, D. D., was rector of St. Andrew's Church. In 1832 his family went to Plattsburgh, N. Y., his father having been elected rector of Trinity Church in that city. There his youth was passed until his fifteenth year, when he was sent to the well-known boarding-school at College Point, Flushing, L. I., under Dr. Muhlenberg. In due course he went to the University of Pennsylvania, but, his health giving out, he spent a winter in the South, chiefly in Georgia. On his return, he accepted the position of assistant professor of the ancient languages at St. James's

College, Maryland. He remained there about two years, and then, in 1851, assumed charge of a large parish school under the direction of Dr., afterwards Bishop, Bowman at Lancaster, Pa. There he met Miss Mary Bowman Wheeler, to whom he was subsequently married. While at Lancaster, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Alonzo Potter, the ceremony taking place at St. James's Church, Philadelphia. His ordination to the priesthood followed one year later, in 1854, in Plattsburgh, Bishop Horatio Potter officiating. He was at this time serving efficiently as missionary at Ellenburgh and Centreville, Clinton County, N. Y., having recently left his charge at Lancaster. Here he remained until, having been invited by the Trustees of St. Paul's School to become its Rector, he came to Concord, April 3, 1856. His marriage had taken place one week earlier, March 27, in the Church of the Epiphany at Philadelphia.

III

No attempt will be made here to present an orderly or complete account of Dr. Coit's work and character, or to estimate his place in Church and country. One feels that in this school paper a due reticence must be observed in regard to one "to whom all personal praise was at once pain and punishment." But we shall endeavor to recall to the minds of the alumni those traits and qualities which made him a power.

One of the most striking things in the multitude of letters which have reached the school is the sense of personal loss that they indicate. Although the great loss to the school is fully understood, it is the personal note that prevails. Every one feels that he has lost a friend, that a great influence for good has been withdrawn from his life. "He was the one man," writes one of the most eminent of the alumni, "who had most influenced me in life." Says another, "I reverenced him more than any man I ever knew." No lapse of time, no association with other men, seemed to alter their feelings toward him. And now that he is gone, what a flood of recollections pours in upon the mind! How vividly will be called up the old school days: the manifold ways in which the Doctor's influence was brought to bear upon them; the Thursday night lectures, the Sunday evening hymn; the Confirmation class; the closing address of the year, always strong and apposite; the Doctor's study, the chapel, and, above all, the weekly sermons in the Old Chapel! His influence was astonishing. No boy ever escaped it. Why or how it should be so, there might be difference of opinion, but no one questioned the fact. If one were disposed now to seek the explanation, several causes suggest themselves at once. First of all, there was his enthusiasm for goodness: here was a man in whom there was no compromise with things base or low. Then there was his big, loving heart, which

always went out tenderly to the offender, no matter how much it scorned the offense. Finally, there was an inflexibility and steadfastness of will, which, in a world where vacillation is the rule, not only controlled but upheld those with whom he came in contact. Back of all these was an indefinable something which colored everything he did or said, a something which every one recognized, and which gave the note of distinction to the most trivial acts. His determination to aim at the highest and never to be pulled down to the world's standards had a bracing effect upon his colleagues as well as upon the boys. To the latter he was a sort of conscience; they could not face him in a question of right and wrong. Indeed, his old boys never wholly rid themselves of this feeling, and it would be quite true to say that many an alumnus has been deterred from visiting the school when his course of life was such that he could not safely brave an "interview with the Doctor."

If one turns from his relations with individuals to his administration of the school in general, his marvelous power is equally apparent. His handling of the great charge committed to him might fairly be called statesmanship. No one who has never been connected with a great school can form any adequate conception of the labor, the unbroken strain, the burden that devolves upon the head master: he is the responsible person; he is the one that can never afford to neglect anything or

any one, or to overlook the most insignificant of the enormous mass of details. But Dr. Coit was equal to all this. His patience and courage seemed invincible. Never in a hurry, always calm, alert against every emergency, he spent himself unreservedly for those who were confided to his care. And he was a very wise man. He knew how to disregard things essentially trivial and unimportant, and to concentrate his efforts upon what was vital. In his dealings with masters this was most noticeable. He did not condescend to petty interference with their methods, and rarely indulged in personal criticism; they had full scope to succeed or fail. If he had to rebuke, he had a unique power of veiling his censure under some broad generalization, which, however, went straight to its mark. Certainly, his method worked well, and no head of a school ever had more devoted or loyal assistants. They felt that he really cared for them, and that the bond between them was not contingent upon success. The one thing he demanded was a faithful discharge of duty, and that, not merely for the interests of the school, but on the broader ground of principle. His sympathy and great appreciativeness called forth what was best in them. They knew that their efforts and sacrifices for the good of St. Paul's were noted. Indeed, it was a striking characteristic of this large community of men and boys that no one felt that he was merged in the crowd, or that he could pursue

his own way, either for good or evil, quite unobserved.

The ethical quality in Dr. Coit's equipment was so strong and dominating that one might be led, especially at this time, to overlook the intellectual side. But it is obvious that no man could have been the power that he was without a powerful understanding. It was the mind of genius, only genius consecrated. For many years past he had done but little teaching, owing to the stress of other work, but in the early days of the school he always took the higher classes in Latin and Greek. Who, that had the privilege of reading Horace or Homer under him, will ever forget those delightful and stimulating lessons? He was a perfect master of terse and happy translation. We used to think that the rendering came from his lips in iambic pentameters quite ready for the press. He knew the standard classics through and through, had absorbed them, and had that culture which seems to come from nothing else so well as from the study of the dead languages, and which is certainly its best fruit. This culture was the foundation of a literary instinct that rarely failed. His judgments about books and literature were wonderfully sound and penetrating. He hated trash. No amount of public approbation could influence his opinion about a book which seemed to him worthless, especially if it was impure or irreligious. In fact, the merely intellectual, when divorced from

the moral, had no interest for him; for him impure art was always bad art, and to read a vicious book for style, as people are sometimes recommended to do, seemed to him absurd as well as wrong. His own reading had been wide and deep, and furnished material to an unusual faculty of illustration. This appeared in his sermons and addresses as well as in class work. The weekly Thursday night talk to the boys, familiarly known as the Rector's Lecture, was one of the most conspicuous examples of his masterly power of dealing with the boys in a body. There was never anything dull about it, but, whether the subject was a general school topic, or else some special tendency or abuse that needed correction, he brought to bear all his wonderful discernment of boy character, and pressed it home with a force of expression always persuasive, often humorous, sometimes with a keen and searching irony that was irresistible. Old boys will agree with the writer that this Thursday talk was a very important factor in maintaining the tone and tradition of St. Paul's.

In speaking of his sermons, one is on different ground. That he was a preacher of great spiritual force could never be doubted by those who listened to him Sunday after Sunday, whose hearts were touched, and whose consciences were stimulated by the words of beauty and power that fell from his lips. We think he would have been a great

preacher, even in the world's opinion, had his lot fallen in public places, with pastoral work his first duty. As things were, it seems marvelous that he found time to write sermons at all, when one remembers his custom of preparing the Sunday "instruction," as he would sometimes call it, on a Saturday morning in his study, with the door wide open, amid constant interruption from boys or masters on school matters.

Indeed, he was rarely absent from his Study, for he felt that it was the head master's duty to be at the centre of his work and accessible to his boys at all times. What wonder that forty years of such toil, such routine, such patient threshing over of the same matter with generation after generation of strenuous youth, should at last wear him out! Dr. Coit's premature death was a sacrifice to as high a sense of duty, and to as consistent a following of it, as we have ever known.

He will be remembered as the great Schoolmaster. The parallel with Dr. Arnold is an obvious one, but the two men were, in most respects, quite dissimilar. They were alike in this: they had shown, each for his own country, the possibility of herding large numbers of boys in community life without the vicious and sordid accompaniments that had hitherto been thought necessary evils, and of inspiring a genuine religious tone to the utmost extent that the undeveloped nature of the young will admit. But Dr. Coit was an imitator of no one,

and it is an error to suppose that he modeled St. Paul's School after any English type. His educational ideas were not novel; we should say that they were substantially those that were held by most American educators fifty years ago. Like all born leaders of men, he had strong convictions; all questions were not open ones to him, and among these questions one he regarded as settled, namely, that the study of the dead languages is the best and only basis of a sound education. What was novel about the school he created was the extraordinary tone and the noble Christian traditions which his splendid genius inspired. Let no one say that a large school cannot be kept comparatively free from vice in all its forms, for St. Paul's men know that it has been done.

From his inner life we may not venture to remove the veil; this side of his character must be left untold. It was apparent to all where lay the true source of his wonderful power, whence came both the sweetness and the strength; he literally went from his knees to his work. In the last few years, those who knew him best felt that, though the energy and vigor were unimpaired, there was a growing detachment from the things of this world. His natural asceticism seemed to be intensified. His love for literature and the classics was waning, and a greater absorption than ever in the Bible and works of devotion was noticeable. Even his interest in the New Chapel, the completion of

which had been so gratifying to him, and the value of which as an aid to true religion he so fully appreciated, was that of one whose mind was dwelling on "the story of the other side." Surely his heart was half in the other world. We might have fancied him lonely had we not known who his Companion was. And so the end came; and, as we return to the thought with which this notice of the Rector was begun, let us assure ourselves that his death is not really premature, but rather the noble crown of a noble work, which, coming thus suddenly, has thrown the flash-light upon the preciousness of the life lived. And his memory is no mere sentiment, but a mighty stimulus to persevere, to be patient and wise and courageous in carrying on the work which he began.

My Brethren of the Alumni, it rests with you, as well as with us here, to see to it that this work endures.

B. DR. HENRY A. COIT.

LETTER FROM THE REV. GEORGE WILLIAM DOUGLAS, D. D.; IN THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST."

If any man in America deserved a public funeral, it was the late rector of St. Paul's School. And yet I cannot but feel that there was something singularly appropriate in the privacy and loneliness with

which, from sheer stress of weather, so far as friends from a distance were concerned, his remains were laid to rest. The three hundred schoolboys on the spot must, indeed, with their teachers, have formed an imposing retinue at the burial; yet these were but a part of the vastly larger number that, under ordinary circumstances, would have thronged about the bier. Very many of us older boys found it to be simply impossible to reach Concord in the blinding, drifting blizzard that prevailed last Friday, blocking all roads and delaying railway trains.

Nevertheless, as my mind goes back to the old days when I was a schoolboy there, it seems, I say, quite in keeping with the character of our dear dead master, that his burial should be thus apart and lonely, hidden by the snow. For was there ever a great man who more instinctively shrank from publicity than Dr. Coit? Never, from start to finish, was it he that put himself forward; it was his work that thrust him into prominence. Never once, in any way, did he advertise either the school or himself. Nay, he recoiled from everything that savored of notoriety with the simple delicacy of a girl. He hated to show himself in strange places, to speak or write in them. The only place where he was thoroughly himself was at his own school, among his own boys, — there he was at home. It was his boys and under-masters, as far and wide they scattered to their homes, that

advertised him; as St. Paul said of his disciples, "Ye are my epistle."

There is hardly time, as yet, to measure Dr. Coit's position among our great educators and administrators, or to tell the whole story of his distinguished career. His high position is incontestable, — so great that we can only appreciate it properly after the lapse of years, and by contrast with others who have worked in the same field. Just now, in the shock of his unexpected death, his old boys dwell naturally upon the more distinctively spiritual aspects of his character. I find recurring again and again to my memory a verse of the Psalmist: "They shall go from strength to strength, until unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion." This was one of his favorite texts. As my mind runs back to the little chapel, — the first one of the earliest days, — I recollect how that text used to crop out again and again in his sermons. I did not care much for sermons in those days, but somehow there was hardly ever a Sunday, if "the Doctor" preached, that some sentence of his did not fasten on me. Though he often repeated himself, the *connections* of his thought were so various and suggestive that I did not find the repetitions tiresome; and I well remember how surprised and interested I used to be when Sunday after Sunday this same text would once more slip into his thoughts: "They shall go from strength to strength." This was the very

thing that he wanted us to do : it was what he had done himself.

Beginning with the three boys in the carriage that brought him to Dr. Shattuck's country-house, bit by bit, he had built up that great school, and had built up himself with it, — himself the stronger as his school waxed strong, — all the poetry and the sentiment of his rarely gifted nature broadening down into the fine virility of the tested man. We used to think him narrow sometimes, but I am not sure that, as we ourselves grow older, we are not coming to perceive that what we then esteemed "narrowness" was ultimate truth of insight. It is not given to many men to be thoroughly religious from the outset to the end of their lives. The heart of most men roams restlessly for a long time before it rests at last in God. But Dr. Coit was religious always. There was no humbug about him. That is why he had such power over us, in spite of ourselves. From class-room and playground to the Thursday evening talks and the daily chapel, that is the sort of a man he was, — the religious man. Here, in very truth, was a man who was "alive unto God." It seemed as if he never opened a book, nor touched a topic, nor met a boy or man, without having "God in all his thoughts." And somehow he never bored us. Other men bored us boys with their religiousness, but "the Doctor" never did. Rather, it appeared as if he had merely gotten on ahead of us, and that very likely we

should try to catch up with him by and by. The pathos, the beauty, the risks, the awfulness and the joy, the prospects and the power of the sincere religious life of the human soul, — they have been realized in our lifetime by this man whom we have known, whom we have called our master. It rests with us to follow, or to repudiate, the "secret of Jesus," for which he lived and died. This, I think, is the final impression which every St. Paul's boy, whether of the older time or to-day, has derived from intercourse with that great schoolmaster whose earthly remains were laid to rest last Friday, in the pure New Hampshire snows.

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., February 9, 1895.

LETTER FROM A BOSTON ALUMNUS IN THE "TRANSCRIPT," FEBRUARY 12.

We are accustomed to accept without reserve the statement that the formation of character should be the chief end of all education, but it is seldom that we apply this test in estimating the value of the work of an individual teacher. It is by this test, however, that the life just ended at St. Paul's School must find its true measure; and judged by this standard the name of Henry A. Coit will be remembered as one of the great educators of our time, long after distinctions based on mere methods of instruction and discipline have lost the importance now attributed to them.

There are scholars still remaining to whom the classics are something more than the means of pursuing philological research, there are other preachers of equal eloquence and earnestness, and there are men who can follow the onward moving thought of the times with better success than he, who found in the past so much to reverence and love. There will, however, be found no leader with equal power to make the idea of obedience to his Master seem no mere religious platitude, but the actual motive and inspiration for the everyday life of a whole working community.

St. Paul's School drew its pupils from all parts of the Union; its alumni are scattered over a still wider field. Wherever the news of Dr. Coit's death shall reach one of these men it will bring sorrow that seldom comes save at the loss of a parent. Each man will feel the loss of one to whom he, as a boy, was no mere object for routine instruction, but a living soul to be loved and saved, of one to whom he could send back no good news without giving pleasure and no ill news without giving pain.

The great school that he built may seem to the world the chief evidence of his ability, but to these old boys the stamp of his character set on their lives and enduring unchanged amid the passing influences of later years will be the great proof of his worth as servant of God and leader of men.

C. A GREAT AMERICAN SCHOOL-MASTER

EDITORIAL FROM "THE CHURCHMAN"

THE character of the useful and successful schoolmaster in England has been a tradition for years, as so many things are traditions where office and character descend in the grooves of precedent and prescription. Arnold, Thring, Farrar, are in their different ways examples of great teachers of boys, and guardians of children. But each of these men was supported in his work by a vast accumulation of experience, by all the force of a local tradition; by the prestige which clings to such names as Rugby, and by a definite idea of what the Church and the Universities expected them to do. They were backed by the pride of the English upper classes, and by the memory of that reputation which the English public school had hitherto made, and must maintain in the "schools" at Oxford and Cambridge. The great public schools in England are unique among the educational institutions of the Eastern world. Yet they have sometimes been considered narrow, exclusive, and opposed to modern intellectual progress. Most great English jurists, statesmen, and soldiers have played in the playgrounds of these ancient foundations. They have been the early nurturers in religion and learning of great ecclesiastics. Any one, however,

who crosses the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting Eton or Winchester will find in the life and usages of these schools something strangely antiquated. Even the best of English public schools could not bear transplantation to the atmosphere of New England. Yet America has as high an appreciation for noble, manly life, for religion, learning, and manners as is found on the shores of the mother country.

How to cherish this manly life, this religion and learning, apart from the encumbering traditions of an older society, was the problem which had presented itself to those who favored high education for boys in the years before the late Henry A. Coit undertook the founding of St. Paul's School, Concord, in 1856. For from this year is dated the arrival of the American "public school" as an institution which rivals in success and usefulness even the venerable foundations of Wykham and Edward VI. In art, imitation is a confession of weakness; in all educational methods, mere imitation is a certain warrant of failure. Although Dr. Coit may have caught inspiration from Arnold's method of managing Rugby, it would be ridiculous to say that Coit was an imitation of Arnold. The two men were in some points almost diametrically opposed. On one point they were in complete agreement. They believed that character was the first thing to be aimed at in educating boys. They believed that the great object of a schoolmaster

was to cultivate in the child a type of moral convictions, of moral habits, that should survive the vicissitudes of life, and be the firm basis of strength and consistency in conduct. They both went one step farther in holding that no other means could successfully be employed in thus educating boys than the religion of Christ.

Rugby was a great school principally because it was a school of character. The influence of Arnold may have produced a few prigs; but it moulded a great number of heroes, as well as of saints. Dr. Coit was greater than Arnold in that he not only applied old principles to a new condition of things; but he actually created the American "public school." A greater test cannot be applied to the goodness and wisdom of a schoolmaster than the test which Dr. Coit stood for nearly forty years. The criticism of the young, and the deliberate opinion of the old and experienced, will not deny to Dr. Coit the merit of having his plans fulfilled in the success of his work. We feel convinced that late posterity will look towards Concord with feelings of veneration, and acknowledge that he who raised those walls and built that sanctuary was a great American schoolmaster.

D. MINUTES OF MEETINGS OF ALUMNI

New York, February 6, 1895.

The great career of Dr. Coit as Rector and Head Master of St. Paul's School from its foundation, nearly forty years ago, has already made its indelible impression upon the educational institutions and interests of this country. Throughout the history of the school, from its beginning with three boys up to its present eminent position among the schools of America, the one commanding individual influence and impulse in its progress was that of Dr. Coit, who by his unswerving adherence to the loftiest Christian ideals, by his impersonal and disinterested motives, by his rare scholarship and commanding personality, has made St. Paul's School what its founder intended it to be — a school from which boys were sent forth educated Christian gentlemen.

We share with others, in the death of Dr. Coit, the great and illustrious teacher and man, this sense of a great public loss to the country and to education. But for us old boys of the school, whose privilege it was to know him, to be taught by him, to listen to his words in the Chapel and at the Thursday evening talks in the school-room, to learn to reverence and love him as a friend, there

is a more tender and personal grief which is peculiarly our own.

HENRY SKELTON CARTER,
Chairman of the Meeting of the Alumni of St. Paul's School in the City of New York, held February sixth, 1895, signing on behalf of and at the request of the Alumni.

WILMOT T. COX,
Secretary of the Meeting.

The Philadelphia Alumni of St. Paul's School, having met on Wednesday, the 6th of February, unite in expressing their grief for the loss which has fallen upon the school and all connected with it. In the death of Dr. Coit we have lost one who beneficently influenced our lives and characters at their beginning, and who, when we left his direct guidance, did not relinquish his concern for us, but followed our careers unforgettingly. Beside our personal bereavement, we feel that our whole country suffers from the closing of a life that was dedicated to its highest welfare, the shaping of good citizens and Christian men. We feel that the example which he set in building up a school like St. Paul's has been a benefit not only to us, but to the boys of other schools modeled on its plan. The older we have grown, the wider our acquaintance with men, the rarer seems to us the character of Dr. Coit. He was absolutely unselfish; he gave all his great abilities to, he wore out his life in, his work; he cared for nothing but the highest things.

To the Rector's family we beg to express our deepest sympathy.

George H. Fisher,
William Drayton,
Owen Wister,
Committee for Alumni.

Boston, February 21, 1895.

Dear Sir, — We, St. Paul's School alumni of Boston and vicinity, have been brought together by a common wish to tell you, and through you the family and masters at the school, of our overflowing feelings, caused by the death of our dear Dr. Coit.

There is not one of us who does not owe much of what is best in us to him. We feel we have lost, for the rest of our lives here, a friend, than whom none could be truer. The loss is not only to you, ourselves, and the other alumni, but to the Church and the whole country.

But amidst all our profound sorrow it is a comfort to think in how many lives he continues to live, how many men he has influenced to aim for what is good and noble. It is a satisfaction to think of his large work completed: the great school, with its buildings all free from debt; the beautiful and now finished chapel, which is the appropriate emblem of the spiritual centre of the school's life; the thorough organization; the refined, cultivated, manly, and uplifting Christian

traditions; the vice-rector and masters whom he had brought about him through devotion to his most important work, and whom he inspired, we feel confident, to carry on the school successfully in the way to keep it up to his high standard.

While we cannot but grieve that a presence so full of rich blessings has gone from us, we must yet express our warm appreciation of the great privilege of having been with one of such rare gifts and high attainments.

With earnest loyalty to St. Paul's School and Dr. Coit's memory, believe us, faithfully yours,

George B. Shattuck,
Fred. C. Shattuck,
Richard H. Dana,
Francis H. Appleton,
Francis V. Parker,
George B. Little,
George A. Comins,
W. Dudley Cotton,
Richard M. Bradley,
Cleaveland A. Chandler,
James G. Mumford,
John W. Lavalle,
William T. Crocker,
Charles B. Perkins,
Charles P. Cheney,
Frank R. Peters,
W. H. Pulsifer,

Robert P. Bowler,
W. A. L. Bazeley,
B. B. Crowinshield,
Charles C. Barton,
Ellis L. Dresel,
Harry K. White, *Secretary.*

At a meeting on February 11, 1895, of persons living in and near Baltimore, who have been students at Saint Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, the following minute and resolution were adopted: —

From April, 1856, when our Rector began the work of Saint Paul's School, with the sympathetic aid of his young wife, — who continued always to be, until her lamented death, his ablest assistant, — to February 5, 1895, when he was called to his reward, it is no more than the truth to say that the life and the moving spirit of that school, which has now become so strong and famous, was Henry Augustus Coit.

A munificent and always helpful founder, generous friends, and many accomplished instructors, have contributed largely during nearly forty years, in their several departments, to the great work; "but through all this tract of years" his was the guiding mind and the master spirit which moulded and formed Saint Paul's School; his the directing personal influence, which has ever been exerted for good upon all, — masters and boys alike, —

who at any time enjoyed the privilege of his friendship or were subject to his direction.

Now that his life's work is ended, and he himself has gone to render his own account to the Great Taskmaster for the faithful and noble use made of the varied talents which were committed to his charge, we, who were his boys, — each one gratefully remembering our Rector for benefits received which were appropriate and personal to himself, — can all unite in bearing our testimony that, at the school which he created, generation after generation of young men have enjoyed every advantage of training and education, — religious, moral, intellectual, and physical, — which it was possible for devoted intelligence to command or liberality to bestow.

And apart from all that we enjoyed in common with the multitude of the boys of Saint Paul's School, who are now so widely scattered over every portion of the country, we who went, before and during and since the Civil War, from Southern homes, to the far distant school in New Hampshire, have reason to remember with especial gratitude the Rector, whose loving sympathy and all-embracing patriotism were bounded by no section and rose superior to all differences: and made him, in peace and war, — even in camp and hospital and imprisonment, — the chivalrous and constant friend of his Maryland boys.

Able, learned, and accomplished, gentle and gen-

erous, courteous and brave, a servant of God, and a lover of his fellow-men, his life was a benefaction, and his example will continue long to be an incentive.

Resolved, That this minute be adopted, and that copies be sent by the secretary to the family of Dr. Coit, and to the Vice-Rector of Saint Paul's School, and the school paper.

(Signed) Laurason Riggs,
Leigh Bonsal,
Wm. L. Devries,
Committee.

At a meeting of the St. Paul's School Club of Yale University, to take action on the death of the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, the late Head Master of the school, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased God to take from us our beloved Rector of St. Paul's School, the Rev. Dr. Henry Augustus Coit, and

Whereas, He has been among the foremost of the educators of this country, and has with untiring zeal built up St. Paul's School to the high place which it now occupies, and has by his personal interest and encouragement in each boy, gained the place of a sympathetic and trusted friend, yet especially shall we, to whom the noble character of his Christian life was always evident, feel the loss of his example, be it

Resolved, That we, the alumni of St. Paul's School in Yale University, make known our sense, not only of the irreparable loss to St. Paul's School, but also of the individual loss that each of us has sustained; and do from our hearts extend our sympathy to his family and friends and to the school with which we have all been so closely connected; be it further

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the President of the St. Paul's Club, who, together with the officers of the club, shall extend these resolutions to the family of the deceased, and that they be printed in the "Yale News" and the "Horæ Scholasticæ."

(Signed)

C. Vanderbilt, Jr.,
Philip Stillman,
A. B. Shepley,
Z. Bennett Phelps,
James A. McCrea,
Robert S. Brewster,
Paul H. Lyman,
Charles V. Hopkins,
Committee.

At a meeting of the trustees of Groton School, called to take action upon the death of the Rev. Henry Augustus Coit, D. D., LL. D., late Head Master of St. Paul's School, Concord, held in Boston, February 22, 1895, the following minute was adopted: —

When a leader falls his loss is realized by those who at some distance have felt the inspiration of his life, as well as by those who have been closest to him.

Groton School joins with St. Paul's in deep sorrow at the death of Henry Augustus Coit. The ability, courage, and devotion with which Dr. Coit built up St. Paul's School has long been recognized. An intelligent student of the English public schools, a discriminating admirer of Arnold, a disciple of Muhlenberg, he developed a school which, while adopting certain English features, was American in spirit.

A strong Churchman, of deep evangelical piety, he led boys and masters to love the Church and to devote themselves to their Master.

As a leader in the education of boys he emphasized the unity of the boy life. The chapel, the schoolhouse, and the playground were all essential features. Faith was linked to duty, mental culture to spiritual development, and physical strength to moral courage.

Thorough, patient, and inspiring as a teacher, firm and sympathetic in discipline, keen and exact in his insight of character, regarding each boy with tender solicitude, he has given to American teachers, especially those in Church schools, a great and noble ideal of their office.

Through the influence of his leadership, other schools have been founded, and to his memory Groton turns with deep gratitude.

Voted, That this minute be spread upon the records, and that copies be sent to the family of Dr. Coit, the Trustees of St. Paul's School, and "The Churchman."

WILLIAM LAWRENCE,
President.

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